Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 7

Falling too You

‘A BOOK OF WHAT NOT TO DO- as a teen girl. This book shows the life of a girl and how she will be remembered- and what you may say is- wow- yet this was her life, online- and at home- and most importantly at school! Is it all about being the cool girl? With that cute boy and maybe that girl- if you’re like me- you can’t make up your mind- on what was wrong or right or was right or wrong at the time.’

Preface:

I have been told by many that their life is wonderful, that life's a game, but it's not fair, I break the rules, so I don't care! That it is thrilling to be part of the freaking world of butt holes. I got news for you; I did want all that. I have been tooled, that dying you see the light too, along with the flashing by of your stupid pathetic life.

Yet, at least I had a stupid pathetic life. Just like my great-grandma Nevaeh Natalie, grandmother Jaylynn, and my freaked-up mother

Kristen, oh, and also my dad, and mom said- ‘she was born on May 12, 2001.’

She had me later on in life to another freakier she’s even more freaked up than my step-monster, after Brandon my real dad passed from something that I cannot protonate, I don’t want to talk about it- finding out how she left him, for someone else other than him, which she said she would happen or never- ever do. He ended it… Besides, that was it… I am not saying more; I do not want to… I don’t freaking have to. Freak that crap

in the butt! Yet sometimes, I feel like such a steep child, yet in a way that is just what I am. However, my daddy loves me anyway, yet my little sis is their biological child.

I was adopted before they realized that freaking one another in the old-school hallways would not work for them, anyway, it would not be long until she gets knocked up, with my pain in the butt sister Kellie. When she dropped out.

I never really knew my real dad; my dad was always the one that

was everything to me. Yet my mom is the monster, and I the mutant, (E-ugh! She said- ‘When she saw me as a baby girl in the nursery.’) However, she felt that way about me since day one, and I feel the same, damn- yes, the same way the same damn way. It was a new day… that fell to me… to me if you think about it; I have always been falling.

Honestly, I thought that someday, ‘I would do wonder and crap cucumbers.’ Never truly pondering my last moments on this gray-green dying plant, we call earth. Looking over those

visions from my past, my mind seems rather dreadful, nasty, and bleak. Just plan sadly really.

Lonely in my memories, I felt that nearly if not all things would have improved if it was just covered up, covered over, and forgotten about completely in sixth grade. A failure to recall if you do well. That would be awesome.

It was the time of the change… no longer a little one, the time when, I was starting to see things happening, to me that I did not want to see. Like-

passion pink braces on my unperfected overbite teeth along with ‘Pimples, periods, hips and boobs- oh my… I just want to cry or die.’

Moreover, I was utterly feeling all kinds of things that I didn’t want to feel. I was feeling too old for toys and wanted to feel up one of the older boys. I was an 8th grader, Yes, I was at that stage of my life… it feels strangely good and yet very weird too. ‘Oh yes- Live's through middle school all over again.’ All the days off. All the days

on… all the days- I was turned off, to all of them.

And yes, all the days, I was turned on!

Yet, really can anyone stand to relive that day… I mean really! Let’s not forget I had to spend time with the family, on the brakes, then to come home and do all the pointless homework like advanced mathematics. When I got most of that crap done sitting in long study halls not able to move or say a sound, with period cramps, yeah- I know fun right!

Kissing with open mouths, like breath sucking and tugs brushing Frenching.

As well as thinking about what boy, I want to have sizzling, exhilarating, desiring sex with is all I thought about! Plus- when, where, and how! Yes, I have had some really bad kisses, make-outs, and hookups… who hasn’t? So much so, I barely survived through them the primary time it happened. Just like the world keeps going around, this was not my first go-around either.

Frankly, I thought I would not have minded living through all that again. What I thought were the ultimate times of all. Like the time I made out with a girl in the hallway slammed upon her locker, she was touching me in all the right places, let us just say. Anyways her name is Jenny Stevenson. She is the type of girl that is a friend to try things with. Yes, I have been with a girl too. Mostly, I just wanted to see what being in a lesbian world feels like. It was okay, it feels just as good. Though, I knew boys were

my thing. However, I am the type, I will try anything once, even sex-wise!

Though I thought, my paramount triumphs were with Ray Raymond, and like when we first hooked up underneath the football stadium bleachers. I knew everyone could see us doing it with his pants down, and my bare butt sticking out and up, as the game was going on. Still, we were in the moment, we did not care.

The PDA was half the fun of doing it, it was all about getting some.

I remember being wasted too, with my friends like Jenny, Kenneth, and Madeline. Yet we just called her Maddie. Like- I said we got so drunk and high, that we went skinny dipping in like old man’s pool weather thirdly two degrees, and then made messed up looking snowman, and running around the street somewhat ass naked flashing whomever we would get to look at us.

Naturally, we even made snow angels in the backyard as we stumbled around, and passed out. No one cared what we did really, thus far that was

the fun of it all. Oh, and Kenneth was just the boy that only wanted one thing from Jenny.

He had no personality to speak of… he would hit on me all the time, and sometimes he would get it from me too, or I would be out of the group by her if he said I was the one that wanted it from him.

We could break widows out of old buildings and homes, and who would stop us. Sure, we got chased by the cops, yet that was the fun of it too. There is nothing else for us to do. I

remember Maddie leaving her handprints in the wet mud, Jenny her butt, and some of her lady-ness, when the town thought it was time for new sidewalks. Yet we all did, something that would last forever, we thought. Maddie drew a few other things too. You can get the picture! All inappropriate… all there for life.

She was just crazy like that, like squatting down pissing, and doing number two in the old man Jackups yard. She has more balls than most guys… I knew. Old man Jackups called

us, ‘Mindless slutty hooligans’ So that was payback. At the time- I thought like what is wrong with that, we're just having some fun here… your old windbag, like go and sit on your cane! You know what I mean… I think?

I remember being so smashed at my sweet sixteen too, that I don’t even remember it. Yet that is what having a good time was all about, so they say. Bumping and grinding on all the boys with loud music. And as the twinkling lights shine on your skin, that lights the way up to your bedroom.

You know that your puffy dress is going to be pushed up a couple of times on that night. I just don't remember how many times it was, and I didn't remember who it was with, I am not even sure if I know them at all… all of them or not. All I know is I did it all and was happy to do whatever they asked me to do. But- but I thought I was having the time of my life. I was the birthday girl that had the rosiest pink lipstick on most boys at the party. I thought it was such a horror. In my mind at the time, I thought that I high-jacked the rainbow, and crashed into a

pot of gold! All the girls my age did it, yet I was the best at it!

I recall the time Liv and I went trick or treating. I was dressed as Hermione from the Harry Potter movies. Liv was a sexy witch! With the pointed hat. So, original…! That is what I told her. That was the night we scared the pants off of Ray in the not-so-scary haunted house. And before you ask, he was dressed as Harry. So, I wanted to play with his wand, that's why I dressed the way I did at the time. Liv was one of those good friends… I thought, which

would tell everyone what you all did the day after, to all the girls at the lunch table.

She can text faster than anyone I know. Anyways… we jumped out at him, and he nearly craps his nicely pressed pants. I am sure there was a skid mark on his tighty- whities or something. Yet he did yack on Liv's chest, and that was hilarious to me. She was dancing around, and flapping her hands doing the funky chicken while yelling, 'Ou- ou- ou- wah!' As I dibble over in lather, I guess it was funnier

when it doesn’t happen to you too many times.

I- Karly takes their fingers in me when I masturbate, just thought you would like to know.

Jenny and boy, we-we’s she takes them all, sometimes she has two going in the same whole, two boys in there rubbing their crap seem guy to me even if it’s a three-way.

Maybe… all of this is not what I wanted to be remembered for. I guess what I am saying is, I wanted to be

remembered for how I have- ‘Fallen to You!’

However, before I kicked the bucket… I did think of Ray, or anyone- or another boy. No one is other than my selfish self. The clueless girl I was, living for the now, and not the happily ever after! Hell no…! I did not think about that. I did not think about all the dangerous, shocking, and even offensive things I have done with my friends. I did not even think about my family, like if they would even care about me being or not being around.

Nope, I was too busy sucking off chill dogs and running around silly doing honorable things.

I did not even think about my adorable girly bedroom, and how the sun shined silky waves of light, in the window. Besides, how it woke me up as my days started. I did not think about the soft and cozy things in that room either, or the selfie photograph of me, and Ray kissing sitting on my night table. I did not think about how you can smell the rain rolling in on a spring day, as the window was open, or feel the

chill in the air as I stood by it in the middle of December.

‘Oh, let the sun beat down on my face, and let the sounds caress my ears, I have been blind!’ I do not think about all the smells and feelings of food and family coming from down the steps or in the home at all. I completely ignored everything and it all just to be the cool girl.

Instead, I thought of Jenny and Maddie back in the third grade how we used to play kickball and miss in our gym class. I also thought about that girl

that no one liked too that no one wanted on the team including me.

I think her name was Madilyn, I remember this because I was the last one to pick, and she looked so sad and I did not say anything as she sat crying in the grass picking yellow dandelions the whole class. I was such an ass for my friends. I guess that guilt gets you at some point. I member how they and I said she was too weird and disgusting to play with us, and that she could not see what she was doing, because of her blue-eyed four- eyes.

Meaning her glass on the fragile flushed face. I guess I get to be friends with these girls because they were what I wanted to be. I was not always friends with them I remember from second grade and back. Yes, I was just like her before, I joined their team. I would have done anything to be one of them, which is what I did.

‘Look at the little freak over there sitting’ Jenny said, and we all giggled.

‘Let’s kick our balls in her face, so she runs off crying for her mommy

again like before.’ And that is what we all did; the goal was to break her glass of her face.

‘Like she is not even going to try to move said Maddie.’ BAM smack one! BAM smack two…! Me- direct hit- BAM! Furthermore, she goes running away just the way we wanted! Jenny always found a way of making us snicker at the dumbest crap, like that. I- we- never forget that girl’s face! Red with pain, and dripping with her tears, dandelions in hand that she picked for us. Just so, we would like her! That all

faded away from me. Just like the furry white ball of seeds that blows away as she rains inside.

I can’t believe that is what, I remembered!

This was more my beforehand death instant when I was theoretic Madilyn meant to be having some kind of vast revelation about my past. My moment froze like in time to the recollections of the slight of nail polish, and the squeak of my white dollar store flats as I walked on the waxed high school floor. The tightness of my skinny

blue jeans, with one of my lacey junior’s nine-dollar Walmart thongs. The small of my wild cherry blossom shampoo, and Let’s not forget the laughing chatter in the resonating cafeteria of about sixty other teenagers.

Oh…! Yes! Moreover, Jenny’s face all up in mine.

The odd thing is that I have not thought about that like what seemed to eternity ago. It was one of those reminiscences, I didn't even know I kept. Like lost in my brain

somewhere… If you know what I am saying.

It’s not like Madilyn was disturbed or devastated by anything like that. That is just the kind of thing that kids due to girls like her, and what kids do to one another.

Like they are just asking for it! However, come to think about it, no one wants that. It is no big deal it is not.

Like there is always going to be that girl laughing and picking on other girls. Crap that happens every single

day, walking the halls of the schools or just sitting in class, which is just the life of every teenage girl in the United States of

America- damn… it most likely happens in other countries too for all I know. That is what life's all about laughing at what is less than you.

Additionally, feeling better because of it.

Madilyn was not stupid, she was just a little sightless, and by the time she went to high school, she lost the glass and was not a bad-looking girl

at all just shy. She was always tiny, at that time she had boobs and hips that would not quit. Yet she was still the one that got picked on. I do not think I had ever said more than two words to her.

Though I think Maddie was hushed friends with her just, so she could get her homework done. Madilyn was the smarty- pants in our grade. Likewise, she was on the softball time too, with us yet she sits alone most of the time. Yet she did not seem too mined.

One time, during our freshman, it came to one of the big parties and said that she was a virgin and did not drink. We all laughed at her. I remember Jenny- saying get down on your knees girl and see what it is like. And she did, and I got it all on my phone and posted it on my web page.

Then Maddie said, to me we need to get that girl popped. Therefore, I found her a random scuzzy guy to go and do her. I had to yet I do not know why, but I feel as if that was so wrong now, yet I did it for my friends at the

time. It was no different than what I went through really. If you were not given it all away by the time you were in training bras then there was something majorly wrong with you, or so the boys and some girls thought. I was the one that had her purity taken away, to some twenty-five-year-old loser. Like she was only fourteen! But like I said… I was a lot younger my first time, so maybe that makes it okay. What do you think?

I remember, Madilyn doing the walk of shame, we all have been there.

Yet like I said that was the fun of it, seeing all that taking place in front of everyone at the party. I am not going to go into detail, but you could see that she was ridden hard and put away wet.

We all laughed at her after the fact, because she said it hurt and did not know what all that ‘stuff’ as she called it… was all over her face and body. ‘What do you think it is?’ said Jenny. ‘I- I DON’T know,’ said Madilyn downright freaked out. Just so, you know I am not saying this to be gross or anything like that… No! This crap is

what happens to us pre-teens and teens, I was one of them. Yet will I always be remembered for being one of them, just like that I am afraid so, I am afraid to live it all over?

That was just one of many weird things we have done.

Even weirder to me than that, was the fact that we all talked about- like how it would be for one of us to die… if we would. Sex, drinking, and death were the main topics most nights. Yet that nightfall I do not remember how it came up in the

conversations, other than Kenneth complaining that I got to sit in the front seat- aka ‘shotgun’ with Jenny after the party I guess I was where he thought he should be, and you know that wearing a seatbelt is for pussies.

I do remember us talking about what a bucket let would be, yet to me, I thought mine was almost complete. The rap music was so loud, that we were yelling at one other just to overhear. Jenny kept going through her I-phone to change the song and text her other friends and boys, her phone was in her

right hand in her lap. One reason I sat there is that- I was the one that was meant to pick the music so she could drive. I remember hearing the lyric- 'To the window to the walls…' the song was 'Get

Low!'

However, Jenny was so high, and Maddie was singing in the back to the words making her hands go in-between the front seats, and that was comical because she is as white as they come. I remember that is when we started shouting our theory on death

and the afterlife, or if there is one. I thought there was… yet I was not sure. We were all gathering what those would be.

Jenny was bitching about how it could be and going to be, in the ground, and like her beautiful body is going to be eaten away overtime in her sealed casket. That made my skin crawl.

We were all like you’re going to die you’re not going to feel anything dumb ass. Then Maddie said my dying wish is to hook up with Lizzy, Sam, and

others all at the same time and never stop.

Hey, why not they were both very sexy hot girls. I could see that fantasy of doing it until death. I was a little pissed that I was not one of the girls in that scenario but it's her death wish not mine. Yet this is kind of surprising to me because Maddie was never that way at all. Like she has a boyfriend of two years. However, their love life was always on again and off again. The makeup hookups are all that kept them together… I think…?

(#- Hashtag: Wcw- Women crush Wednesday)

Jenny was gaping down yet another whole can of bud light, as Kenneth was puffing on one of his homemade joints. I had to roll the SUV window down a crack just to catch my breath. The freezing rain was pelting the windshield; the wipers could not even keep up to brush it off. The trees were rushing and swaying in the ghostly breeze showing up in the light cast of the headlights of our SUV, as

we're doing at least ninety- five down the small, dark ruff, and narrow road.

Yes, the slush was coming in on me and getting me cold and wet.

Then Kenneth grabbed Jenny’s phone from her lap and changed the song to ‘Hero’ by Enrique Iglesias just to piss Maddie off because that is her and her boyfriend’s song. That is when she started to cry and said he broke up last Friday via text, he knew about it before I did. Yet no one likes getting dumped, so I forgave her for not saying anything.

Tom was a drippy twerp what can I say. I was only with him once that I remembered. At that sometime ken in the back was slumped forward in between me and Jenny, when he graded Jenny's phone… Manly, so he could also touch jenny’s lady business in between her inner thighs. I could see it all as he moved her skirt up and undershorts off to the one side, and he was rubbing it up if you know what I am saying.

Anyways that made her- jump!

Then scrum plus freaking shriek in my ear! I grabbed the steering

wheel to get the SUV back in our lane, as Ken's mouth dropped open and his smoking joint fell in between my boobs as the SUV rocked, and it was burning hot in my bra cleavage.

Around that time, Maddie elbowed me in the one eye trying to get my clasp undone to get it out. The joint then fell in between my legs and was burning my set yet I did not know. Yeah, so then Jenny was b*tching and about that too, saying you cannot trash my car. Like she didn’t care that it was burning my sensitive skin. I was

cushioning her to… as well saying it a good thing I shaved today! Well, I was trying to brush all the embers off the seat, and also me.

As all this was taking place as the tires of the SUV were skidding and slipping on the somewhat frozen slash a little. Then just like that, there was a flash of white in my eyes. Jenny was yelling something- words I could not make out.

Son- of a- Sh- sh- hit, oh my-y goo- that all I heard.

That is when I knew that the SUV was wrapped around a tree it hit on the passenger side front door. It hit so hard that it bonded off the then and then rolled onto its roof. We skidded to the other side of the road next to the woodlands that were on that side. The last thing I heard other than screeching Jenny's big mouth, was the sounds squealing of the metal of my door, glass, airbag exploding, popping, and crunching into me. The SUV folded in on me like a pretzel, and caught fire, mainly because of the gas leaking out

and maybe that one joint that fell to the floor.

As I said, that is when Maggie's little faces flash out of the past into my view. It is like I could hear her from the past, her giggling echoing her crying too. It was all spinning around me dragging out into a screaming yell. Then nothing- nothing at all but silences! Like what gets me, if you don't get to know, it is not as if you wake up with cramps and go on with your day.

No, you don’t remember to tell the boy you like that you think you’re falling in love with him. You don’t remember to say goodbye to your parents, or that you readily do love them even though you don’t show it. In my case, I didn’t remember to say anything annoying at all to them that day. I guess that was not nice, and what I was made about with them was so minor compared to not saying goodbye.

If you are anything like I am, you wake up and do what you need to

do in bed and leave it a tangled miss. Then jump in the shower and scrub it up. Hop out wet to air dry while dancing around naked as you look in the mirror glass to get all partied up, and then just like that five minutes and ten seconds later. Your boy or girl is at the crab going Beep- beep to pick you up, you rush out the get into the car, and speed so you're not both too late. You're not worried about seeing your mom, and dad as a teenager.

If you think at all like me, you think… I am young, I am not going to

die. You’re more concerned about what boy you want to kiss if he misses you when your dating anniversary is coming up, if you’re going to get a flower on Valentine’s Day and what color it is, and if you’re going to be in his arms in the halls at some point in the school day.

Too busy about that stuff like your clothing, brushing your long hair and teeth. Plus, make sure that you put your make-up and other things all in your handbag, so you can do the finishing touches in the homeroom and

the girl's bathroom. Said to say that the time I was supposed to be praying to God at that moment before the bell, I was not caring about anyone but myself and my wants and needs. So, if you're just like me then your failure day on this plant goes something like this:

Chapter: 51

Beep, Beep, Buzz, Buzz

My day begins with Jenny aka (Jenna) Talya- laying on the horn in her black 2003 ford focus with the paint peeling on the hood. And reading a text

from my bestie Jenny saying- ‘Don’t forget b*tches, it's love-o-grams day!’

My mom yells out the door every day not to do that, yet it goes in one ear and out the other with Jenny. Jenny does what Jenny wants to do. Yet that horn has a way of like going through you… you know. Especially at five- fifty-five every single morning.

‘Hurry the hell up, I am not getting any younger over here!’ She yells out the window of the SUV. And my mom yells about that too, ‘stop cursing!’ Then I say something like

‘Keep your pants on… I am coming! I am ‘Cumming!’’ As the nosey neighbor lady peps- out one of the slats of their window blind at us. It always seems to be I am running to get where I am going, even from house door to car door. Most of the time passing up that one book up on the floor, which you need for class on the way out without thinking, in such a rush. I didn't even put on Ray's letterman jacket he gave me to wear, I balled it up in my arms. Just like my purse and backpack zippers were somewhat open, that was just a horn in my one right shoulder.

Right before that my darling pain in the ass little sister Kellie, who is ten years old. She grabs one of my bookable handles and tugs me back off my footing. WHAT- is it! I spun around looking like a demon child just snarling at her. She said crying. I just wanted to hug you, Karly. And I said- forget it… I am late now, and can't you see I am texting my 'BF! -Boyfriend' So stop wasting my time little girl.

(No- I know I am not a very nice person. I know that now! Yet I did think! I thought I was going to see her

letter that night. I would give anything to have going back and hugged her that last time… that day.) It seemed that I was always too busy to spend any time with her.

As a teen girl, like I said. My time was mostly spent on boys- well mostly Ray, talking and getting together, and partying to be popular. I thought that was what living a good life was all about. It’s just as if she always picked the worst times to try to bother me. Um- I’m not perfect, and there is

only some much time in the day to play, and she wanted to play all the time.

Though, I can see her turning into a little me. I was the one she looked up to. Mom was certainly trying to get her some help for her impulsiveness; we all think she has ADHD or something for how clinging she is. She is mom and dad's favorite though I feel that girl is not what I would call under-loved that's for sure. Yet mom and dad don't see anything wrong with her having all that energy, and to be like running around, sucking

down the soda, and cramming down the junk food. She is picked on to like me; I was before I fell into Jenny's hand of friends. I hope she can do the same. All at the same time I hope she doesn’t, I don’t want to see her fall into the wrong as I did.

I want to see her fall for a nice sweet boy someday that she loves. Not give it all away like- it did, just so I would not get teased about it. I guess the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree though, she takes after me! In like every way. She is just like me! I have

always fallen for the wrong people too and stumbled on the ones that loved me… like Ray.

Love is complex, something that I guess I will never understand; I think... I have fallen in love with him. Until now I think I hold out another day to tell him how I feel. That I have to mean it when I feel I am fallen. (Little did

I no… he would never truly know.)

~*~

My little sis is always touching my stuff like my make-up and trying on my sexy short dress, short shorts, bras, and thongs. I have to just pat her on the head, and say what did I tell you about going through my thing. She is giggling- I am not too. Yes! That's right… so don't do it again- I say. (Ugh really how you would like your sis putting your underwire and stuff like that on?) She thinks it's okay to run around in the house in just underwire bottoms and less mom and dad say that okay, it's cute she's only seven. Yet if I

would try that- oh my… the only place I can do that, is in my room.

Little sis is always asking a personal question too. Like why do you have this and that and I don't on my body, or can you teach me to do what you're doing- please sis. Because she's always busting in on me when I am on my bed.

Like hello- embarrassing! Yet she still witches me even if I grunt out to leave. I have no privacy at all. She always jumps up on the bed with me and has to ask a lot of questions.

‘What yah doing- Karly?’ Um- what do you think? ‘I don’t know… like- what’s that purple thing you’re using that’s humming?’ Oh, my God- Just go! ‘Can I try?’ No- get! ‘I want to see and try…!’ Not now!

And she runs out of the room crying saying to mom- ‘Karly won’t share with me!’ And mom yells out ‘Be nice to your sis and share.’ Mom just doesn’t get it, I don’t say anything back, as sis comes busting back in my room, all happy to learn how to ‘share’ as she calls it with me. So-o yah my sis

started to finger her vagina when she was 3 and was Cuming.

(Awaked! If there is a hell, I am proudly going there to teach my sweet little seven-year-old sister how to do that, use my old clear glass dildo with the cute pink-sh hearts on it, to cummie 7 times a day, like me. I thought she can get one and the glass can wash clean, it's hers. Yet mom did say to share, so I did- and we do now, together!) My sister giggled like a dork and spoke. This is so awesome, we love to masturbate together, time shared.

The most fun I have ever had with you Karly; she said the first time. Yeah- well don’t tell mom or dad! -I said. ‘Okay, Karly!’ - She said.

Though, she giggles all the time, but never quite like that.

(#- Hashtag: Is that weird, playing with the kitty, and sis)

Okay, TMI- Too Much Information! By the time, I didn't even make it out of the house as you can see, there was not much time at all as always. And round that time Jenny is yelling out her Ford window at me and

my mom. ‘How the freak is it hugging today Miss. B?’ And my sister has that gleam in her eyes… like- I have a secret. (What a way to start my day. With all that pulsating around in my head.) Jenny and Maddie Jobs have their cars.

Me, I can only hope for one, I have made it clear to mom that I am not riding the bus with the creepy pre-teens to school, that is the most swagger-less thing you can do. The same can be said for getting dropped off, however, I am guilty of that one

from time to time. I just want a car that runs. Maddie has slammed to the ground blue and black Honda with the bumming rattling base, and a fart can muffler. You can hear that car long before you can see it, and when you do see it, you know it's her!

Loving people, you don't realize, just how deadly that type of loving bond is. It's like a disease that sucks down on you harder than any guy or girl can! At least that is the way it was with me. I have loved for all the wrong reasons, with all the wrong

ones… they were slowly sucking the life out of me, and I was happy to give it all to them. They are what killed me. (They didn't pull the trigger; however, they did drive me into the side of a tree!)

I was killing myself for them anyways. Yet I always thought real love is even more dangerous because I have never had it… yet I was so close to having it with Ray. I guess that is why I never said anything to him. I loved my friends more than anything, yet did they love me? I was constantly grading what I was feeling.

How I wanted to be, all because of them, and only them… my friends. (Come to think about it now, like if they were my friends, they would not be carried, or haven is envied of whom I want in my life or not.)

(#- Hashtag: my life, I am a dumb ass, and ruthless friends kill.)

Speaking of cars, sometimes I get to borrow my dad's red 4-Runner if necessary. But most of the time he needs it for work, so that's like never. Ken drives a gray pimped out Dodge Cummins diesel truck, which his daddy

bought for him that he was all jacked up. And poor Madilyn has to drive her mom's old, sad, and pathetic-looking 1985 Toyota Tercel. I don't even know what color that thing is… rust- maybe. Crap, they don't even make that anymore, that thing hardly wants to go in the cold weather.

As of now, it seems that the air is always cold around here at the start of the fall. Yet the sky shines that orange cast on the changing leaves, which feels, so picture-perfect, the blue-gray October sky. The warmth of

the sun is there; I can feel it rising on my face as I walk into the school. Yet, not as strong as it was in my bikini-ready body in the summer, as I laid out, at the beach with my friends.

The sun in fall is a week like me, fallen to the mercy of the horizon line… just burnt out from all the changing sessions, which it had to indoor that year.

So, for my last day as you know- it looked like it was going to storm cats and dogs. It was going to gush thicker slippery wetness than me

and my sis did when we were sharing. Ha- ha, I had to say that. Anyways the sky was sinfully looking back and stayed evil black and deathly milky foggy. The sun did not shine.

It was not one of those nice-looking days, it looked like hell was coming!

‘Oh!’

Speaking of cats and dogs… why is it mine to look at me, and start licking me and sis’s toes from the bottom of the bed? That’s so strange! I thought it would start dumping down

after we go to school. Mother Nature has a mind of her own, she didn't have her crap together this morning. As far as the local news goes… who has the time to look at the television at that time, and the severe storms that they forecast are never as harsh as they say they're going to be.

I bounded into the passenger bucket seat. Jenny is puffing on one of many Marlboro Lights, surprising today she wasn't vaping Marry-Jan with it too. I stopped smoking after I heard it makes your hoo-ha taste bad…! TMI,

sorry- but it does! I was never one for smoking that crap, I did it for my friends. Plus, unlike Jenny, I didn't want to die of any type of cancer. Pulls being stoned in schools… ha now that too funny, it's like being in one of those whacked-out dreams with the melting clocks, it's like I can hear a pin drop.

So, paranoid, and so freaking hungry. Hell No- I would not recommend trying it- don't do it!

(If you want to be cool to get a job and a life, you can't be stoned all the time… that's why you feel so alone

and well fat.) Yaw knows- I think I have ADHD too. I can’t seem to stay on topic! Just like I say to my teachers along with all my friends that we all suffer from Tourette's syndrome for all the F-bombs and other profanities worlds, and free birds we drop-in class. Oh- oh, I remember this one time my teacher Miss. Riley said that finger should be used in public, and we all busted out giggling, And Liv said- I am using that finger right now, is that okay!

(#- Hashtag: Blowing smoke, day by day, and throwback Thursday)

Okay so, back in Jenny’s car on that last day. She gives me the once over from top to bottom. Not bad- she said. Then Jenny lifted the fabric of my skirt and smacked my butt so hard and snapped the pink string of my thong, and said love that flirty short skirt. I said- Not so ruff… I’m kind of rubbed raw right now! She said- oh! Though it needs to be rolled up a little higher on your hip's girl. She pulled it up for me! Show them legs off and stuff.

I sat down with my behind red and numb, as we spun- out of my street…! I was thinking to myself… I am showing more than just my legs, more like rosy cheeks too. Yet that is how I'm going to school. Jenny was always saying I was not slutty enough. I guess I'm not quite as free to show off all the goods as she is. Oh, I told her about my weird morning. So not a good idea! She was like- 'for-reals' that's humorous, you poor thing! You just wanted to get off, and you had to help her get it in.

I- can’t- believe- it! I can wait to tell the girls that one…! How do you get yourself into those things, she said? I was mortified! I knew I was not going to be eating lunch at school. Um- My mom I said, and she giggled even harder and rolled her big sparkly eyes.

Note to self: Something’s I should learn to keep to myself only! I was never going to live that one down! On the drive:

She said- ‘Want to hit McDonald’s?’

‘What do you want,’ Jenny asked me?

‘I want a McGriddle and a hot-chocolate.’

Jenny- ‘I’ll have an Mc-muff-in… And an old lady’s coffee! She said!’ Sarcasm- I was thinking awesome! Just what she needs!

They don’t know how old you are when ordering at the drive-thru. So, you can get a small drink for fifty-five cents. The look on their faces is priceless when you bag and go! You know if I knew that was going to be my

last meal, I would have gotten something else! Oh, I said I liked her skirt too, that I would have to barrow it some time. She said- Okay… but you're going to look cuter than me in it!

(Looking back- I didn't seem like just how jealous she was of me. I was a good girl going bad. What she and my friends made me become.)

I looked up at her and batted my eyes at her sweetly and said thank you sheepishly. She was a good friend. Still, I always felt so uneasy with her so close to me, yet I did trust her with my

life. There is only one week out of the whole school year Liv, Jenny, Maddie and I dress the same, and that is spirit week. Like PJ's day, clash day, twin day, custom day, and school colors day as we call it boyfriend's jersey day. I was going to be wearing number 14.

I always- loved wearing his jersey. The scent and the feel, I felt so cozy in it on football Fridays. I like flannel PJ'S day too you don't have to wear anything underneath and that comfy. I love these adorable PJ's Ray bought for me the previous Christmas,

they're pink and white and sexy and have a drawstring in the front! Jenny, Liv, and Maddie went to Victoria’s Secret and got the same ones so that we all could match. Which is the only time we have ever matched, other than a skirt here and there?

(Yet now my PJs don't feel’ so special to me.)

But- you know your boy loves you when he gets you gifts from there, or he will go out and buy you tampons no questions asked! And will hold you

in his arms even when you're all b*tch faced and emotional from PMSing.

Oh, let's not forget that, yes, we all somewhat match on Friday. All the popular girls have their own guys' jersey also. Liv likes to wear number 19, Jenny 59, and Maddie is sporting number 3. Come to think about it. Maddie distastes the color pink and Jenny thinks it the only color in the world.

Yeah, I forget to say our school colors are red and black. It is always so much fun to go to the mail together

because Jenny is a girly- girl and Maddie is a tomboy. It’s funny to see what they think is cute or not. The catfights they get into are very amusing! Like Jenny saying that a real girl shouldn’t wear all Camo or boy shorts undies and sports bras all the time. It shocked me that Maddie did wear the same PJ’s as me.

Like go and do your things if you want. Just like I like Hollister, and Jenny likes American eagles. Just like liv can’t leave the freak’n mail till she

goes in and sees the old blue truck at Old Navy.

She got her first kiss at nine on the hood along with a few other things.

Though she always said he would be back for her someday. Sweet but unlikely! That where they were supposed to hook up… yet he never did. We all keep saying to her that it was just puppy love. He’s not going to be there to wasp you away Liv, and like do it in the bed of the truck or something, get real!

Liv- ‘He will! I know he will, I believe!’

Jenny- ‘Do you believe in Santa, faith, and not using a condom too, she said.’

We all giggled at Liv as we walked out of the store!

‘Yeah, that kind of love only happens in novels, like the Nevaeh books.’ We spoke. ‘What was that guy’s name that wrote those?’ Maddie asked. I have my books with me, Liv showed us as she pulled them out of her oversized handbag. ‘How the hell do

you say that?’ Jenny said. I get Marcel, we have one dork named that in our school. Maddie started to babble- ‘Marcel Ray-

Dur-reez, Door-ez, maybe it's Dur-e-a?’ Jenny blurted out overtop- ‘Diarrhea!’

‘WHAT!!!’ We all shouted at the same time, looking at her with confusion!

Jenny- ‘I don’t know!’

Maddie- ‘Who cares… the Moovvviiieee- not the book is all we care about.’

Liv- ‘I guess you're right she pouted, and stomped her feet, holding her books in her hands.’

Me- She has those books with her all the time. Me- Thinking to myself, I wonder if they will make it a movie. I hope so because I am not sure… that I can’t sit my ass through yet another wolf or vampire movie! I’ll end up strangling Maddie with Jenny’s spare pair of undies that she keeps in

her purse! Or at least put them in her mouth… so that she will shut up about it! Like her… gag on that crap, bit, and suck down on that, as well as see how that tastes! Girl you're driving me crazy! Yeah- I could see that happening!

So-o, if you have not guessed that was the day, we get outfits for twin day! On twin day we all chose to go with short white miniskirts and brown and pink camo spaghetti strap tanks. OMG- they were so- so very perfect, pretty, and cute! I was contented- that

we finally found something that- we all liked, it only took four hours. I love those times so much when we all mull over every stupid little detail, everything has to be just right or to us, it’s an epic fall!

At my school Clinton High, Jenny has a nickname for it, yet I am not going there, right now! We don’t have a snotty preppy uniform; we were what we have. It’s just as a slandered crappy public school that’s falling apart. The boys have it so easy ripped-up blue jeans, plaid boxers showing, a

shabby T-shirt with some dumb saying… Like- I lost my phone number can I have yours. I remember this one-time Adam-James had this squirrel with two nuts on it. And the saying was… You can rub my nuts for luck. No- that’s okay… I would rather not! Looking down you'll have something like Nike sneakers, nothing too fancy. There is not much of a dress code for them to flow.

We, girls, work so hard to look good, it just doesn’t happen this way! Sometimes- I think Ray is the only one

to notice or that appreciates me, yet was he the one that I was falling to? Most of the other boys here don't care what we're wearing just as long as everyone can come off after school.

I guess I have a choice at the end of the day. Love is love and to me that something I am not sure if I can have with any guy, all I get is a one-night stand, where you wipe your mouth and walk away.

At school, you see this a lot in all the popular boys hooking up with all the girls that they think they can score

with, and the loser boys never get any at all from any girls. We girls have standards to whom we sleep- you can understand, can't you? It's like one… two and done!

Yet, I wish it was that easy for me to know my true feeling, with the one I should want. (Perhaps- it would be too hard fallen, or that I'm so scared to fall in love, and be committed. Perhaps- he would not love me back? Perhaps- my friends wouldn't like me being in a relationship. I do have to think about them and my reputation.

Perhaps- I would just be used like I always am or be excluded by everyone.)

It’s smart to be the same as the others rather than standing out… you don’t want to be that one that gets chosen and nagged about for looking different.

Amusing- we don’t have uniforms, yet we can’t be individuals it seems. In school, you also see a lot of hoodies, with the school's name on them with our p*ssycat looking baby jaguar mascot on the front. That’s where the jock comes in by the way. We

girls blow dry our hair and style it if you're like me with a curling iron, like one out of ten of the boys even comb their hair.

We shave from the neck down! We have to squeeze ourselves into skin-tight skinny jeans, which you have to lay down to the button. We look good so we get all the right attention, you know it's not easy to make a pink North Face jacket look sexy, yet that is what you see on most of the girls, and they work it because of the time they put in doing their hair and make-up. All these

nice things we do… yet the whole objective, in the end, is to let some boy miss it up, one way or another.

It’s going to happen- Smears- If it’s tears, fears, or boys- juices. You’re going to end up with all kinds of smears, on the inside and out! Yes, there are smears on your face from boy’s things and crying. Smears you’re going to have to face because of. Smears that can’t be erased and can’t be changed. All the smears you get from your peers with fears, too… I should know I have lived with all of

them. I choose to get smears by a boy, so I would not get smeared not being popular. Not being approved by the ones that smear, that is the teen seaside.

Like when you can’t hide… I died because- I was smeared in another way. Some smears you shouldn’t take to heart, be smarter than I follow your heart. Don’t be someone smudge on the side of the road just to wipe away. Be someone's reason to live. I guess- I miss being all girly, I miss that I did realize that he was the only one that counted.

The only boy I need to be all girly for! The one that had a hard time, walking away from the crash scene when I died.

I try to be all hardcore, blunt, and not care with ample anarchy. All the same

I- Karly Barnes… I do have feelings. I'm just an adolescent girl here nothing more, and I'm not trying to be your dirty little slut that yells oh-yeah in your X- rated fantasy movie, she is not real. I am just a high school girl that's trying to fit in real life. I'm not going to forget what you all do to

me, just because I have to. I never thought to be popular I would have to be just like her, I just wanted to fall in love, and you to fall for me. I just want to carve pumpkins and kiss and cuddle in the fallen leaves, I have confidence that I wanted a real love story! Would I have had it…? What if… and if only… are the questions I appear to have!

Yeah, our school has all kinds of clicks, some crazier than others. You have the scammer girls that every time they see a girlfriend or girlie-friends, in the hall there obnoxiously yelling. Then

there is the one that can keep their hands to themselves the PDA's. We have hipsters, Emos, and dorky geeks that can't seem to get some.

We have some that never shower, and we have cheerleaders that shake what their momma gave them, and we have stimulating jocks. Then there are the dramas and smarties, which you're only going to see to do the impossible homework that you copy. Most of the time they just Email it to you, the night before.

Everyone, but the complete loser geeks are the only ones in the school that are not on some type of drug. Just about everyone drinks… I would say. Other the rejected losses that can’t get laid, because they’re so freakily weird, awkward, and creepy. You know the type!

Some in-schools have maybe nine or more books, which are getting knocked out of their hands. Then some never carry a book in their life. For some… school is their life, and for some, it is a hell of a death sentence.

Some are cheerful, and some are miserable! Emotional states in school all come down to what click you're in… it shows if you want it to or not. Some are in the rush of their life, and others could give a crap walking around without a care in the world. Some are so jumpy if you say hey, they crap themselves or babble in disbelief.

That reminds me… like me and the girls sometimes just for amusement we'll go and pick out some loser virgin boy and say hey there- you like me. Do you want me? The way he acts is

priceless, it's sweet yet pathetic how they are around me and my girls. I am not trying to be conceited, but I am the type of girl they want! That they can never have! So, we and I tease them with that fact. They have even drooled over me and my girl in the click I am in. Oh, sometimes they even have to cover themselves in the front with their books, when I lightly brush up against them.

All I have to do is talk softly in their ear with a sensual bowing breath! And they are all hot for me! It is like all

they have to do is just think about me, and I know they have to run to the bathroom. Oh, harmless fun! I am beautiful, and I know it.

Conversely, I feel ugly on the inside. I knew what I'm doing is hurtful, I have been there when I was little.

Yet, I did it to get a giggle and approval from my clique of girlfriends. Plus, it makes our boys that we want so jealous when we look at other boys regardless of how dorky and shy, they are. Sometimes I look into their love-sick eyes, and then kiss them on the

cheek, just so they have something to feel okay about. I try to be sweet. I'm not a mean person, really- I’m not! (Every boy should get a kiss, even if it's just a peck on the left check from a pretty girl. The other girls don’t do that or think that… they are heartless.)

Those are the types of boys that we'll treat you right, I think… because, they have never had any, and once they get it from you, they will never want to let you go, they will do anything to keep your love. They would love to love you only if you love them

back. It Is said that most of us girls don’t want that.

That’s too easy and clingy and would hurt our reputations. Anyways as a result of being stressed out, I started to drink when I was about twelve at parties, about the same time I started rubbing off the older popular boys that don’t even remember my name. That’s how most girls I know started too. You feel around and go from there. Yet do they care about you… or just the high they get? I don’t know that… but I do

know that I drink way too much, however at least- I pass out.

Just like there are some photos from my past that I wish I had, and there is one that I was never tagged in. Like I wish I had more pictures of me with the band kids and those types, and all the other ones out of my senseless click.

Yes, some even with the drum major too would have been incredible. She was a friend I left behind way back in the younger grades, the one that got away, I never felt like I was part of the

band because of whom I was friends. I could have done without all of those unfulfilled flashbacks. I could have done without all the one with my tongue hanging out, and held red plastic cups all silly, or the sexy boobs shot, swimsuit shot, duck-faces, and peace signs.

But I can get back what I never- ever had, and to me, that is just very sad. The saddest memories of all are the ones that were never made.

(These are the photos in memory of me on Facebook. You can put wings on me, but I was no angel.)

I don’t mind what they do in my memory. Ha, it’s not like I didn’t have friends drawing a penis on my face when I was alive.

I- Maddie and the girls always planned on renting a small house together in

Pittsburgh. Maddie and I were going to share a bedroom and a bed. And Jenny and Liv were going to have

the other one. So, if we want to have boys over, we could.

We could do what we wanted, that was the plan. Just like when we graduated that night, we all planned on getting forever anchors tattoos, plus getting three more parsing that we could have before, I have my ears and belly button and the tongue is done, my mom was okay with that… dad not so much… yet he got over it. He always said that he didn't understand why a party girl like myself- would want to do that. I would say to be a cool daddy.

Thus far there were some other types, which I and the girl wanted to have, that mom or daddy will never know about. Jenny said that any girl that wants to be a good lover must have them.

She called the one the hood emblem, I am not sure about that one. But If she thinks so… then it is a must-do! We could not weigh to be on our own. Like we wouldn't have our little siblings come in on us either, and even so… with us girls, if we wanted to do anything at any time, we're just that

close that we do care what we see or hear. Like we have all been there together bent over bare in a row at some point at a party anyways, like with the same boys at the same time. We all know each other well, you could say.

So, we know that we could live together.

(Showtime, it happens every night with me if I can, it is a blue kind of night, spin the wheel, and I do what you want if you’re a top guy.)

The show- Though there was that one time that Maddie, and I did run away for two weeks to ocean city we had more boys that night than ever before. That was how we got a room at night to say like we did have any money. I planned on dropping out of school anyway, and I did, till my dad found me and made me go to school, dragging me by the hair. Saying no girl of mine is going to be a runaway dropout. Yet daddy still thinks I am a virgin! He would be crushed if he knows.

(Well, he did find out when I was naked under the white sheet on the table when he had to try to identify- before I got all pumped with embalming fluid. He asked the mortician, and he said yes, she has been with someone.)

Daddy always thought I was his innocent little girl, which was going to save all that for when I had that white dress on. Yet to be cool you can be daddy's little darling girl forever.

(Now I think like daddy… as a dying girl. Maybe Ray should have been

the one that got to be the first and the last. If I could go back in time. I would have done that. I do think- I could have weighed a lifetime for that boy if I would have had to. He was something so very special to me. Yet now it's never going to be the way it should be. That is something you can't get back even in a white dress someday, and I did even think about it at all.

Like just because I was always on the pill and could not get pregnant, that shouldn't have meant that I should be with every boy that wants to have

sex with me. What was I thinking… was I even thinking at all? I let my friend take over me and my life.)

If I could say one last thing to Ray, it would be: Don’t forget about me!

(#- Hashtag: Don’t judge me, runway, and none-virgin roadkill.)

I’m not saying that I don’t like being at home, I do it's comforting to know I am always welcome, yet to be popular you have to have a place as soon as you turn eighteen. Or you’re forgotten about. Like no guy wants to

be with you in your room when your mom and sis are in the next room over. I like living at home as of now, yet the girls don’t know that I love my family secretly, even if my sis is the only one that tells me that she loves me face to face. The love in the family started to die when I became a teenager and got into my click.

Leaning frontward, trying to not smear on my mascara with one eye shut. Looking into the small visor glass. Jenny has never been the safest driver… I think she has taken driving

lessons off of Beth Cooper. That's just how wild and crazy she is. (I knew that she was going to crack my head like a walnut at some point.) She tends to run all the lights, stop signs, pass on a dubbed yellow line- on hills and blind spots.

Jenny jolts me around harder in her car, then I get jerked around on the Thunderbolt at ‘Kenwood Park.’ And that’s a roller-coaster…!

Both have about the same oh-crap factor.

(Ironic- I thought I was going to be thrown out of that ride and not of Jenny's car.)

She floors the motor harder than that first hill coming out the station. She has even burnt up her beaks because she stops way too fast. Her brakes squeal louder than she does when she flat on her back getting pounded by her boy! Ha!

(She can't kill me now for saying that…

I'm already going to be dying!)

Kenneth better gets me a teddy bear or flowers or something before long! I'm getting tired of getting used here, Karly. Jenny cries frantically out of her mouth because of her hormones going all crazy. Running through yet another stop sign nearing missing an oncoming car, I nearly stabbed my brain out with my eyeliner pencil when she slammed on the brakes sapping my head forward and back.

As you know Jenny and Ken are a couple one minute broke up the night, just in a text.

They were on and off for as long as I remember. Yeah, there is some love there I would say, they just need to settle down some and trust.

They have broken up at least nineteen times, since the beginning of this school year.

That has to be a new record for them! They can’t seem to live without one other!

~*~

The office- I was sitting next to Ray Raymond while he was filling out

one of the permission forms, to be somewhere… I betted my eyes up at him and then rolled them to the one side. ‘It’s like slave labor isn’t it!’ Ray and I have been going out somewhat since September without anyone knowing what we're more than just hookup friends. Yet again I think truly that I have been in love with him since a fourth or fifth girl. Back when I was nothing and he was too popular and cool to talk to me. I never forgot that I shouldn’t hold that agent, though, should I?

I think- I have somewhat…

anyways, Ray was my first crush, that I feel all tingly over, or at least he was the first genuine crush! I did just once kiss Steven Tucker in first or second grade, but that visibly didn't rack in my mind or anyone else's. We were playing an imaginary house, as a married mommy and daddy… Maddie was our make-believe baby! We even had tinny-like play rings with hearts cut in them. So really, I just wanted his chocolate chip cookie, before nap time!

You know the first time you fall to someone like it changes you forever and no matter how hard your strain not to fall completely head over heels, that emotion and sensation that they give you just never- ever go away regardless of the others that have been with you. However, in life, you should know that you’re going to discover boys that you love. They will say all the right things, at all the right moments in time in life.

However, in the end… it’s more about their ways, and the way they are with you. If it’s real or just an act. You

should judge them on their true actions, what they feel with you, and what you feel with them. Those actions of thoughtfulness and not the words they say that's what matters in the end.

That is the way that you'll realize that you have fallen for them. That love… should be more than confrontations and hooking up. It should be more than a text at bedtime, or a pass by in the school halls muffled and muttered softly in crowds.

Love is a sensation and feelings of actions you don't hear, it's what you

see in person and feel. Love to me is a devotion that I don't feel. Yet it was understood after it was too late to feel. Though I had that sensation each day of my life, with Ray… though I did not understand what it was, I reflect I was truly in love.

Just when you think it can't get any worse it does. And- just when you think it's never going to last it does. Life is a gift and if you don't understand that it is… life can be taken away too fast, and you will be left in the past.

For me to understand I was in love and what it meant, I had to see things differently.

I understand that now… love is when you care for another individual's contentment more than your own and don't care what others think. No matter how painful the choices you face may be, to feel the love you have to feel the pain of losing them or them losing you. You have to care! The most significant things are the toughest things to say audibly. Why is it that it's so freaking

hard to say- I love you, and I only want you in today's world of life?

There is a boy out there that was meant for you, just as he was meant for me… I feel. Someone is meant to be the love of your life, even if you have missed up. Be sure to see it… just don't die for loving the wrong things as I did. There is that boy out there like Ray, that will brush your hair out of your eyes too as he did with me. And send you flowers when you don't need them. He will look down at you sweetly in a hug, or see you far down

the hall, text you all night long, and be there when you're feeling not okay.

He will be the one that will tell you every chance he gets looking into your eyes that you're the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. YES! I had that with him, and I did not believe in a loving feeling like that. NO! I did not understand what being in love was, I thought love was just hooking up and being with my girlfriends. As well as crying over all the boys that were the one-night stands, that I thought loved

me more than mom, daddy, and little sis.

I've never really had faith in anything when I was alive as a teen, it's just not something I thought was needed to live life. Jenny and Maddie and most my age are atheists, though I would have to say I believed in something. I had a bible under my bed most of my life, yet never read a line of it.

No, I do not blame God for taking me, if the others can live life and see what they're doing wrong. Then

that was the right thing to do. I think that God is forgiving… maybe too forgiving in some cases.

(#- Hashtag: Clueless girl)

Back in Jenny's car before my last school day- I say- Last year I got a dozen- pink roses! Jenny hits her cigarette butt on the cracked window glass flicking all the red and black embers off in the cold air breeze as we were speeding. At that moment, she slouches over the other ways grabbing her cup of strong coffee in the cardholder, and then starts chugging

down her mostly cream and Splenda concoction, well-exhaling puffs of smoke out her nose. I'm hoping for a stuffed animal this year, or a ring would be nice!

So, anyways after spirit week, starting Monday, we have this… I want to fall in love- 'Secret admirer week.' It corresponds to the auntie drug relies upon', where you wear those red ribbons pinned to your chest or inner leg. Jenny and the girls always seem to find ways to destroy theirs so that it will fray and fall apart. It looks like they

have been chewed on. Any- how's 'Secret admirer week.' Like- is a big deal, the student set up tables outside of the lunchroom, for a dollar fifty each a boy can buy their secret love a colored rose with a love note attached.

While- I am glad we're friends, or I am crushing on you.

Pink- I like you, I have a feeling for you, and let's get together.

Red- I am totally in love with you, I want to be with you, and I am glad we're together.

The fun of the game is trying to find out who is sending them to you. Girls can get boys some too. Yet that’s not that common with the upperclassmen and getting flowers for the same sex is not allowed, why I don’t know. However, it’s an old-school custom, maybe that's why.

Though every girl wants to feel loved this week! Said to say that no girl cares about the white ones. Only the nerdy boys send us those… they're wasting their time and money. The stronger the color the stronger the

passion, or the boys that want to be or have been with you.

Every girl wants one

regardless, and if you don’t get at least one, you look like a damn fool! Every girl wants that pink or red rose. Yes, I have seen a girl run out crying on Friday at the last class bell when they passed out. Hell, after a week of this week of hunger, desire, and yearning you need to have a hookup! I feel for them… yet why should I, they just need to change their ways… so the boys would like them too. ‘You have to give

some, to get some!’ If you know what I mean!

(However, looking back, I should have only given that out to one boy, and not them all the only one that mattered… should have been Ray.)

We also get a lot of those white ones to form the freshmen boys that don’t understand what it’s like to get in girl pants. Cute, but- NO! I am not going to be your teacher! Plus, if a girl does send out a flower to a boy it’s usually a freshman girl, sending to an

upperclassmen hottie…! So, she can hook up for the first time.

Yapper she is getting-desperate to lose it, and kiss it, and hit it at this point. So, she's not a loser next year as a Cherry- Mary sophomore.

(There are so many more life-changing peer pressures being a girl. Being that young to make those choices… you give in, I know that I did way before then. Only you- can say when is right! In the end, you're the one that's in charge of your vagina!)

I would be okay with one flower- maybe. But only I knew if it was from him, but though I don't- know. Hopefully- I get fourteen or more that is what I am truly shooting for this year! I say it's a really big deal like how many roses you get. You can tell who's the most popular, and who sucks at life. Just by looking at the girl's hand, I am hoping that I will have so many- I won't be able to hold them all in my little hands.

If you get under two, you're either ugly or faceless in the school

kind of like the sped kids, maybe both… they don't get anything ever. I am not sure if I could take that kind of humiliation as they do. Some said girls get themselves some, and that's just pathetic because we all know that she did. Like you know when it's real, plus the girls at the table… that run the sign-ups, let us know what they see!

Jenny looks down her nose at me with her glistening eyes. So, are you enthusiastic as I am for this big day Friday or what? Looking forward to the de-flower day, she giggles- saying no

joke. We are going to the open mic out the night, and then the hookup party right. You- coming- she asks me, and giggles even harder. Shrugging my shoulder while looking out the SUV window. I said- I may be coming many times that night, and Jenny said- stop, I'm going to pee myself.

Drawing a heart on the glass after my hot berth frosted the window. ‘It’s not that big of a deal really.’ I said- groaning softly. I was not amused by Jenny’s perverted- twists of words, so early in the morning. Jenny is always

like that… yet as for me, I run hot and cold. I have my moments- I presume.

I was thinking about how Ray said that his mom and dad are going to be away for that weekend. And that’s where I wanted to be, he told me about them going away like two weeks ago. Long be before Jenny even thought about this weekend’s parties.

I know that Ray was eager and preparing me ahead of time. Because he wanted to have warm sticky sex with me all over the weekend in his bed, or mom and dad's bed, on the loveseat, or

anywhere really in the house. Besides we would be able to run around his house stark naked, that's so what I want to do in all honesty! I wanted to be with him, and do him only, and be his girl! So that he could shoot his ha-hum- tasty stuff all over my face and body after he was finished sliding it in and out.

Certainly, about the same time, I start squirting him down with my shaking drooling orgasm! That boy makes me tingly in all the right ways, just thinking about him!

Thinking back- when I was about twelve or so, we got so close so many times of going all the way in… like in the back of the school bus, yet that more like foreplay to get us there. As we got older, we tried at the football games, and in my basement or my bedroom, with mommy, daddy, who and sis sleeping in the next rooms over. We have tried a lot of places. Though it seems that someone always saw us, every time. Oh yeah- we have even played around with my daddy 4-runner. So many times, it just felt so wrong. It

would be tremendous to have it be perfect this weekend!

So, when he asked me to stay the overall night, I said- OMG-Yes! Without thinking about it at all. Because I just want to be with him so badly! Jenny starts freaking out at me, slamming her half-empty coffee cup down in the holder, and then whacking the steering wheel stiffly with her long fingers curled up into a fist. Not that big of a deal? Or you- joking with me…? Like what's wrong with you? I don’t know, maybe I am growing out of it.

Maybe I am changing into a woman that descent wants a bunch of guys, maybe I just want one. Jenny laughed senselessly, and said- my darling baby girl, it sounds like you're in love, and my little girl is big now? She's a woman! That's hilarious she said, you can't be for real… are you? She said, with a sneaky suspension. Na-No? - I guess not. I said shackled and regrettably.

'Give me a break.' I can now feel the scorching warmth move stealthily moving ever so rapidly from

my toes to my legs into my quivering chest, and then to my face. Naturally… I knew that my fair-toned skin was starting to radiate a blemishing, throbbing, and trembling cherry red glow.

My embarrassment always seems to show my emotional state, when I didn’t want it to, like this. Why do I do this, when I am ashamed, self-conscious, and just uncomfortable? Why now! This is something I can’t even cover up with more makeup.

Perhaps it’s just disgust that I am feeling now too?

I tried to be persuasive about everything. ‘I saw my expression in the mirror, and I knew that it’s most likely not going to happen the way I want it to.’ He would- like- have to kidnap me away from the girls so that we could go wild without anyone knowing. Making sure that all of them were completely off our trail. We are going to have to take a roundabout route to have sex and spending time together, of course, like always, yet if it was some other

asshole at a part or in the backwoods, it would all work out.

‘Leave me alone!’ I muttered through my one or two tears at Jenny, she was just rubbing it in that I can have true love… that I really can’t have anyone but her and the girls, if I want to be in the click. I started retrieving through my bag to cover my mood. I reached swiftly for a Kleenex before Jenny called me a crybaby and nosed into more of my personal life anymore. ‘I don't know. For one and all, but the pain of changing your ways is the

sharpest dagger of memory that you will have in human life.

('Her voice was always so melancholy.') At this moment I felt that all the X-out cream in the world would not fix my face after this morning!

Jenny, like my lovely family, makes me want to break out. We pick on Madilyn for that… I can't show this. Like we call her 'Pimpled skank face' too. I don't want to look like that.

~*~

(Madilyn is the lonely loser-that I should have been friends with… she would have never hurt me as I hurt her, she wasn't a slut. Nevertheless, being that sweet and kind-hearted girl doesn't get you anywhere. I mean really what's in it for you? If you're the good girl, you spend all your time at home; with mommy and daddy, wondering why you're so misunderstood.

With no friends at all, to see or hear from.

Looking at photos and wall posts, and feeling in your belly all the

things in life, you're not a part of… It's sad but true!

Being that good girl, you lose out on so much, you lose touch with reality- I know she has… but in the end, does it matter anyway? I have partied my tight little ass off, and what do I have to show for it? I have gotten so drunk that I don't even remember half of it… I have gotten so high, so many times to not feel the pain of life… I was running away from everything!

Just like I have used plan B pills to stop pregnancies at thread teen

and up, many times like most my age… that stuff flies off the shelves in stores! I didn't want a baby, yet I was killing lives… before they started, to have a red death period, to be a normal girl… that's okay. So, I could just be a careless teen, and not even think about it, and do it all again. Being a teen girl, you just don't think about what you're doing to yourself and others! When really, I didn't deserve to live myself.

So, what is the point? No matter what you do, you're going to have regretted it in the end. In the end

who is your friend? Plus, what kind of a life are you having if it's rushing by and you can't remember it… the day after, and you have to take pills to terminate lives to please others just to be cool and popular… yah- right, you don't have a life worth living!)

~*~

Shaking in the seat of Jenny's SUV. I quickly nodded my head for her approval, and then rubbed the steam off the window. Things are detracting fast outside, looking out I see that Jack Frost has done his wonder, it was a

very odd start of the day. Everything is looking sparkly slick and shiny. Unusually cold… for this time of year. I could see my breath on the side, Jenny’s heart was never the beast as she tried hitting it to get it working, I was beholding demand like drips everywhere on the trees, power lines, and buildings. It's freezing rain, it is magical- I said. Jenny- it's like everything is frozen in time. Though at the same time, I felt like my chafed intimate skin was cracking, it is that chilly.

I hate that it’s like you shave your legs too, and all that in between before school and then you get goosebumps or cold, and just like that… you can see the dark little hair pop out, in front of your eyes.

This day just keeps getting sweeter!

(Not!)

I went from feeling on fire to shivering with my knees knocking. Within like fifteen minutes! Jenny in deep thought she just blurts out the question, which she had an inkling

about. I knew it was coming, she knows me that well.

Jenny- So when did you and Ray do it… anyhow? I know that you have done something, it’s obvious- you like- like him! I lied and just said we did like two months ago. I would like to make up for lost time this weekend, just him and me!

Jenny slams her butt back in the driver's seat.

Jenny- ‘Oh my flipping God… baby girl,

Gross! Wah- why?’

‘Don’t worry about it, I am fine just being with him only.’

Jenny- ‘I am worried about it, why him, you could have anyone. He’s not right for us.

Any boy would be better, than that.’

‘I don’t feel that way, and it’s not for you to decide. Why does it always have to be us, when it’s what you- want… you just… do it… you don’t ask me… you just do it… why?’

Jenny- ‘It most serenely is… Because I love you, and you're going to have to choose who’s the love you want in your life… if you loo-vv-ee him a baby girl, then you can’t love us. You see what I mean.’

‘I can’t do both.’ -I whispered.

Jenny- ‘NO! No- Kar- you can’t, I think you have been swelling way too much stuff, you lost your mind. To want that offbeat boy. Jes-z He’s cute but he’s not for you!’

Why! -I squalled.

Jenny- (Panicking) He’s just not. Baby girl- don’t talk to him, don’t look at him, you know what. Don’t even think about him that way… you got it!

‘Don’t call me baby girl, I am not your freaking infant that you need to pamper. I am going to have sex with him tonight, and you’re not going to stop me!’ I screamed!

Jenny- ‘Okay then, have it your way!

You’ll- be- sorry!’

Go have sex with him, I know he's still a V- card virgin, just because he plays on the team, he’s not that popular you never see him on the field. I was thinking to myself, yeah that’s because we’re trying to do it under the bleachers or somewhere someone isn’t stopping us. Yet it never fails if someone is there…!

Jenny- Do you want to be his first, with him being all clingy- creepy with you? I didn’t say anything back. If you do this, you know that everyone is going to mob you and make fun of you

again. I am sure you'll go back to being- that girl. Us girls- we wouldn't have any admiration for you anymore. Karly- We got you where you are now, and we can take that all away in an aching heartbeat! 'It's no big deal, I know you'll do the right thing!'

'If you say so.' – I mattered.

Jenny has always found a way to make me nervous before the school day even starts. I see all the buildings with their shiny glass rush by, wording if tomorrow everything would look and feel different to me or if will I get

starched out; I know he will feel different to me, I know what I am dealing with… with him, he is unlike the other boys, one he is a lot bigger, and two he is fully intact. So, I had something new to play around with there. I don't mind that… I do feel that I am falling for him. He is so sweet to me it's not even funny. Really if you care about someone nothing is going to stop you from having all types of sex.

Nothing at all!

Jenny said that he is gross for that reason, I should stay away because

he most likely is unclean or has an STD. But I don't feel that way at all. That's just ridiculous, maybe she likes him? And she thinks that going to keep me away, yet I know- I think other girls my age has the wrong ideas to what they think should be standard practice. I hope that the other girls don't look at me differently for wanting him. But if they do; I still have him in the end. If I have to fall to that boys' level that's okay with me.

Sometimes, you don't choose who you want to be, or what you have,

sometimes it just happens that way, and you have to live with it; because it’s not for you to decide on. Jenny and the others don't get that. I have to be in love, there is nothing wrong with him in my eyes, and he’s just perfect!

Jenny and the other girls in the click don’t see the cemetery we have together all they ever think about is the hookup. I just hoped that everything would work itself out!

We arrive at Olivia’s Hansom-Liv’s place and before Jenny can even honk the horn- me-p.

The door bursts open and swings radically on its hinges smacking back and then forth. Liv comes trotting down the walkway like a model. She is strutting in her brown pointy toe high heel boots looking sexy as hell. Though the sidewalks are- a sheet of glass.

I don’t understand how she can bounce, jiggle and wiggle like that with four-inch heels on ice. Like- I fall on my ass just looking at ice! That takes skill- when I wear heels they turn over on the sides when it’s not on the ice. She runs out of the apartment complex in the

morning like it’s on fire, I just don’t get that… like- how can you be that freaking perky this early. I wonder what she is running away from. Liv opens the door, Jenny blurts out nice nipples you got pointed out at me, you think they're showing enough there?

Liv- yes, yes- I do… they are just so cold their rock hard, I didn’t think it was going to be this cold! Liv is in a short belly button showing tank top with a little blue washed-out denim jacket over top a thin white tank top, paired with a short brown ruffle skirt.

Even though the weather report said that she took the time to look at said… It was below freezing this morning. This is what she picks to wear. I say- it is a little nippily today, right liv! A quote from one of her favorite books, she just giggles awkwardly and says- yes, yes- it is. Jenny says you're donning better than Karly, and her sisters that are rubbed raw! Ask her about that Jenny snickers.

Liv looks at me with a look of confusion, I said please don’t ask! And I pouch Jenny’s arm. Liv says- Okay then.

Jenny said- I'll feel you at lunch Liv! I just shook my head- no in disbelief. She was going to bring more than that up at the table, today I could just feel it, just like I thought.

~*~

Flashback- That reminds me of last Friday night the night of the bonfire, we all were run and dancing like wild caveman around the shooting flames, as the worm heat and glow shined in the skin as we would flash the boys that would pass us by, so

primitively we were acting so, that we could have a matting afterword.

So anyway, after the running around the boys found their girls, I remember seeing Liv and Jenny getting kissed sucking faces, and their boobs and butts getting felt up. Their boobs looked the same as Liv’s does right now, cold and flawless. Ray and I just had to look at one another from afar, though his eye never stopped looking at me.

All the hocking up was making me hot and thirsty. Yet, I couldn’t get what I wanted so badly.

At about that time we all stopped noticing me if I was there or not, they were in the passion moments. That was the time I chose to cut loose, so I ran up to him and I said let's get out of here, we did we sneaking past all the couples, to get into his truck down the way.

We got out of the school field with the motor running softly, as we thought completely undetected, yet

that is never the case. Anyhow, we went to Walmart and were in the back of the parking lot.

Fourteen minutes later- The bonfire is now being soaked with water by the fireman, as the event is over and everyone is heading to their cars. Did Jenny ask where Karly was? Liv- how the hell should I know like it’s not my time to babysit. Maddie- I thought she was with you!

Jenny- okay then… she can walk home for all I care. I am not

spending my night looking for her. I have my boy, let’s just go.

Karly- I started slowly, pulling off his briefs downwards to his knees, his erection triggers up and out at me. I got down between his legs; I was on my knees; drawing him in ever so deeper into my mouth. So that I could feel him at the back of my throat and then to the front yet again, over and over.

My tongue whirling around the rim and tip. I was sliding my misty tongue from the base to the end tip too.

Yes, sucking him ever so harder and harder! He was firm up to that point, till I could taste his wonderful pre-come mixing with my saliva, as I went down even farther than the times before, sliding my gulping lips tightly around, it was all dripping down him, as I moved my head up and down a few more time completely fishing off the blow job. Suddenly, he sits back up after losing all control. When he descended into me, and to my movements.

Ray busted a nut at the back of my tonsils. He was saying what was happening, while holding my hair out of the way, with his right hand. And shrieking my name at the finish, as my eyes were looking up into his rolling back in enjoyment! I gulped it all down and showed him my cleaned-off tongue afterward. Then and there I said- ‘How that was that!’ he just moaned- ‘Aww-uh-a!’ he was speechless! And that was good enough for me.

Around that time is when he tugs my thong off, and slides it down

my smooth legs, and feels the little bit of short hair that was growing on my pubic bone, with his soft touching hand. He reaches between my legs and pulls on the white interwoven string, and gently pulls my tampon out, and tosses it into the nearby floor at his feet.

I knew at last my hole was open, and ready for him to slip it all the way in! He balled up my undies in his right hand and tossed them onto the floor of the truck also. As he started sucking and tugging down on my hooded lady with his lips. And I said

there’s no time for this… come one let’s just do it!

About that time is when I managed to get the condom out of the wrapper, which was in my hip pocket of the skirt which was just pushed up. I put it on for him… it’s just easier that way. I was preparing him to unload ‘round two inside of me. I sided and unrolled it down on him. Making sure everything was right. At last, we are going to do it…!

(Y-ha!)

I was just about to get on top of him from the passer set. That is when I looked over two or three parking spots down Jenny and Ken were looking at me, and somewhat at Ray's truck, as her SUV was rocking side to side. I looked even harder and Liv and Maddie were making out in the back seat. I think Maddie saw me, I yelled don’t put it in Ray, we have to go!

I’m- like really! I can’t get away or get off fast enough! I snapped the rubber off him, so quickly it made a popping sound.

(Just rip it all off- he screeched at me.)

So, I tied a note in it as I do with them all, and I threw it out the window onto the pavement, not thinking it would be found… I know what they must have thought, they must have seen us! I said- This is never-ever going to happen… Ray. My head lay on his lap, and the body curled on the seat as he pulled out of the lot, passing the Burger King and DQ his jeans wrapped around his knees!

I said- So just get me home before they see us if they didn't already. He was just a little shaken up, to say the least. We can never go any further than that before someone is watching! (What I don't get is why did they care?) So, Ray and I didn't get it that night either. All he saw was my freezing boobs after he unbuttoned my top and jostled and pulled my bra loose from the back. (Like- hello- it is not that hard to get off.) I was wearing a skirt for easy access, as you might have guessed.

Seeing Liv like that… is what brought all this back to my mind. That is how Jenny figured out I liked Ray more than a friend, she followed all the suspicions that she had. She is smarter than she puts on to the guys she is with, it’s like she knows me better than I know me!

Oh yeah, I had him drop me off a street back from my home. And of course, to add more drama it started to pour icy rain down my body, and the car that passed had to splash mud on my face on my clothing, yet I hiked… so

I could say to Mommy and daddy I walked, without hearing yet, another long lecture about the birds and the bees! That way I have a layby for everyone that cared where I was at.

(Mommy and Daddy were so in the dark with me. Nonetheless, that is how every young teen girl wants it to be… I'm- I am, right? Mom and Dad knowing everything you do is not cool, plus you wouldn't be doing it anyway if they did.

What they don't know won't hurt them!)

Mom was pissed that I had to walk home, I could hear screaming on the phone that night I was in my room, after having a long hot shower. Yeah somehow, I came down with a sore throat, he- he.

A win for me, Jenny, and the other girls got hell, and not me! Daddy even read me a bedtime story, he felt that bad for his little girl, that was crying over how she was dumped by her cruel girlfriends.

Daddy asks me this question out of the blue. Karly…? Why do you

always have a Pringles can on your nightstand, next to your bed? I'm like don't open it! I was thinking to myself. Um- I said nervously. Now it is in his hands, he was going to get I chip out, and I finally stopped him with my hand before the lid came off. Saying- Daddy- don't! And I think he got the drift, by the look on his face, that there were no chips in there. Who would ever… thought… that one… yet daddy always seemed to be hungry, I should have known?

He put the can back down where it was, and turned to look at me; he patted me on the head, as I was laying on my back in bed, kissed my cheek. He tucked me in and then left the room all gloomy and shaking his head at the same time. His complete attraction was nice for a change though, yet so weird. The light went off and he latched the door closed. That's when I took my restating Pj’s off and threw them on the floor with all my other dirty laundry turned over on my side. I fall asleep; in my bed slightly uncovered or completely deepening if I

move around in my sleep. Oh, and if anyone sees how I sleep from that point on. Oh, well that's their problem… they should've knocked!

(#-Hashtag: eye-reaction, a failure to lunch, shut down & freezing temps)

~*~

Liv gets into the SUV after she does her little runway walk. She says what the point of looking so freaking cute if you can't show it all off. So, Liv pulls up her top and flashes her chilled bouncy boobs at us, and they fall out so

perfectly with what looks like two eyes gawking at us. So, Jenny being Jenny, she rips down her thong swiftly, plus up her skirt up and flashed her lady thing right back as she then hunches over putting her butt all up in her face… letting her breeze blow, saying beat that honey! Liv smacks her ass firmly saying, I already did before you did that, I am not wearing any underwear today. I say- you guys are so-o gross!

We all giggle! Oh, Liv is that glue that keeps us together, and she makes us unwind. It seems that all my

butterflies go away when Liv is with us. I said- Jenny already said my truth or dare for the day.

Liv grabs what is left of Jenny's coffee in the cup holder and glops it down. Saying I glad you all got me one. Jenny said- we did get you a McGuffin, girl you're sitting on it, she giggled.

Liv- aww-crap! That's going to leave a mark! Liv shouted. I thought that Jenny did that to her. Like she was envious of her ferity skirt. Jenny has to have the spotlight like always. Liv spins her skirt around on her lower west, so

the back is in the front, and starts crying about how it was new and she bought it with her own money and dabbing the grease and yellow cheese stain with a used crumpled up snotty napkin.

Liv did notice that she did that before she sat down. Shocking because of how she's so touchy about what's on her seats, you drop a crumb and she freaks out. Jenny slaps her on the back snickering and says it will wash out. Yet I knew that wasn't coming out. Plus, she has to go to school like that now. I

said- look on the bright side. You can always give your butt Muffin to your wiener dog ‘Pickles!’ Liv was just starting in her seat not saying a word, with her black mascara running down her cheeks, her day was going just as well as mine, I could just tell.

Dan Dilco- Liv calls him her ‘Dildo’ because he became her new sex toy over the weekend and for now… instead of that. She gives him that pet name, there have been a lot of pet names, that is how we all keep track of them all too. She has one of those also

like most of us girls, nevertheless, she's more cover than me, in not hiding it in a Pringles can.

Anyway, this one came about because it rhymes with his last name. I guess she thinks that's cute. He's the last one on the list to pick up today, I'm sure next week or maybe tomorrow for all I know it will be someone new, but as for now, he's the one that is all horned-up for her as she is for him. It won't last…

I think she randomly started making out with him at the bonfire,

they have hooked up at least ten times, senses Friday. I don't think Liv knows what she wants. I think she is too Bi or Bi-curious or something to choose.

It seems after they become a dating couple it ends as fast as it starts. I don't think she's that hard to get along with, high maintenance maybe, but she's a sweet girl overall, with a loving and trusting person. Liv already asked me to go out with her… Um- I like her, yet not in that way. I have been there, done that kind of a thing, I have kissed her, yet I never thought

about it going anywhere. I don't want to end a good friendship. Plus, I only want the forbidden boy named Ray!

Standing on the corner sidewalk, cold as steel in his letterman jacket weighting for us next to his place's steps, there he is… What can I say; he is a lip-licking, eye batten, and moisture beading hottie.

You know the type of long defined hard body, tan and handsome with light brown wavy hair parsing blue eyes, the type of boy that makes you pulsate just looking at them, even if his

face looks like it was getting frostbitten.

Um-hum, I can see why she went for him? He's like McDreamy holding on to what remains of Liv’s McDonald's muffin, as he gets in the SUV. Looking dumbfounded yet adorable. Liv- look what happened, she shoves the muffin in his face when he bent down to set.

He ends up saying- It’s going to be okay baby, no need to cry anymore! Wow- He seems to like her, and that’s a plus. Maybe this is the one her? We pull

away; they can’t keep their hands off one another in the back seat. Their playfulness to me was a good thing, it got Liv over her accident in a hurry. The muffin rolled to the floor when she decided to make a quick move to sit on his lap the rest of the way, with his aim hugging her from behind around her tummy.

(It’s so cute!)

~*~

I want to say that Liv lost her virginity freshman year, yet not to whom you would think. I had already

been with like three other boys, and one girl. Yeah, we all go there at some point in our lives, we have to see what we want, where we have to find our sexuality, Maddie and I hooked up a Sophomore year and we dated for a like week. Holding hands in the corridors and kissing, and all that stuff.

Nevertheless, I always had my mind on Ray even then… even now. Just like she had her mind on someone else too.

Liv is the one that asks me the most questions for advice. She feels

close to me, like a sister. She is the one that asked me, before doing it the first time. If I was sore after the first couple of times, I had sex if it bleeds a lot and what it like as she called being ripped oven, I said yes like hell, but it gets better. Just let him do what he needs to go slowly as you're on your back and count it down before he goes all the way, and after it will feel really good.

I know that made her twenty times more nervous, yet I was truthful. Liv never knew that some things have to be opened to have sex, she thought

that her horseback riding on the weekends at her grandpa's farm would have done that for her- nope.

She thought that volleyball would do it too- nope. She was not brave enough to do it herself, unlike Maddie who was in seventh grade when she did it herself out of curiosity. I remember Liv saying that she was scared, so I said for the first time let him show you what to do. Like there is not much you need to know about others, lying down or bending… you

can do it I said, and she smiled and said that it?

I said you'll do fine now no until they try, can you do that? She said- yes, yes- I can!

'I told her just feel it, if it feels right, don't think about it, and go with it.' (Any why I help my girlfriend become what she is today.)

~*~

Liv grasps her tummy, and said, I hope that's just hunger pains, I am not feeling too good, because I am

not sure if… she didn’t fish the sentence, and Dan said- I hope you are, I don’t mind. Jenny slams on the brakes hard, I hit my knees on the dash. Jenny looks back at them and says- WHAT! Do you think I got pregnant? What were you thinking, are you to dump to pull the freaking thing out! Dan- no, and it knows of your business, maybe it broke, and it was anybody’s fault.

Liv, it can be; I am on the pill. Jenny- yeah and it only works if you remember to take it! Me- I was

speechless, twirling my hair around my one finger.

Like she would know better… right? Yet, she never asked me those questions, and she can be forgetful. I said oh- boy. Then- Jenny says oh no- no Karly it could be a girl too. Liv holds on… we don’t know for sure now, after school I will do a test or three. Jenny- got in her handbag and said- ‘the test it's in the bathroom when we get there. We need to stop this for you before you can’t.’ Dan- what if she doesn’t want to? Jenny- Shut up, no one asked you!

Get out of the car now! And he did… Me- I didn’t get invalid, because it was what Liv wanted to do; like I didn’t want a say.

Liv was crying again… yet we would have all been late for school if he wouldn’t have gotten out. Because Jenny would not have moved forward with him in her SUV. We left Dan on the side of the road. Jenny even broke his cell phone by throwing it on the solid ground, ripping it out of his hands, when all I do is make a phone call.

Yet I had a feeling that we wouldn’t have to worry anymore at school as if it was a boy or girl. Because Jenny would be giving her something, and explaining to take this pill, and it would be still from that moment on like she did for me with my first freak up when I was younger than a freshman.

On the dive, after we finally got moving again, going to the school we passed Madilyn the meek and humble walking all by herself with her head down all lonely. Jenny grasps that muffin off the floor and slows the SUV

almost to a stop, rolls down the window, and throws it out, hitting her in the face with it. She's yelling the words- dumb-ass skanky loser as all the cars pass! What happened? Did your jalopy car break down again… Maggie- She looks up crying saying no my mom had to sell it to pay the bills and put food on the table. Jenny stops completely- aww, that's so sad, she rips my coffee out of my hands, and slashes in her face down her top, and floors it. 'There a free meal for yah.'-she said

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I remember that first kiss that I had with Ray… oh so long ago, it meant so much to me, even more than what comes after the first kiss. It was so sweet and the inanest feeling; he was so shy he nearly missed my lips. I recall that he didn't even use any tongue. He got better each time. Like I said we tried, I didn't mind teaching him what to do. He's the football player just trying to fit in, and I was in the band girl looking like a dork, yet I liked it. I got to go places, and see things.

Things my girls just don't understand. Jenny can hardly read a book, so I don't see her reading or liking music as I did.

That was before Jenny and the others made it clear to me that being a trumpet player was not cool, that I need to choose them or the band. Plus, that I was not going to get me any, even though it was, just not as fast and with so many.

(She just wanted to keep me away from him. I think, looking back on it. Hell- Jenny doesn't have any talents,

she was only good for a couple of things, and in the end who cares. And the other girls in my click did as she said too. If Jenny couldn't do it, you didn't do it.)

I was there mainly so Ray and I could be on the bus and games together or meet up, which is where we kissed for the first time, at one of the away games. On the bus, we used to get down in between the back seats. It was all band kids; they don't take other clicks I had nothing to worry about. We could hold tight and make out with one

another to our school, yeah with the others looking not caring that it would get around. Things were different back then.

Popularity changes you…!

Yet, I just wanted to follow the football team nothing more. I did a lot of things just to see if I could be with him, yet the girls came first before for all and everything, I can’t do what I want. It all comes down to what do I love more…? So, I went out for that cheerleader too in tenth grade, not long after leaving the band of three years,

just for my girlfriends. I stop cheering on my own after like two weeks in after I fall out of a bucket toss intention Madilyn at a game.

Ray ran off the field from the sideline and I fell somewhat perfectly into his arms yet smacking my head on the ground beforehand. I knew after that I had truly fallen for him, he carried me off the floor and the paramedics did their thing, and I don’t remember anymore after that, the memory went black.

I woke up with him standing over me, I was in a bed in the emergency room. He was holding my hand, I will never forget that, even though I can remember it all, because of my impressive head pounding concession, nevertheless I am sure he was there for me when I needed him the most.

I feel he has always been there, even when I need him on the list too.

(#- Hashtag: face plant, high pitched screamer, and fingering fun.)

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We pull into the school parking lot. I closed my eyes tightly to the thought of the day to come, I was thinking to myself- please know more bull crap drama, I can't take anymore today. Yet I knew I was in for a lot more. I had to go to a happy place, and that place was with him in my mind like at the winter dances, at the old movie theatre, or even in my room, I could only imagine how sweet those moments would be.

I remember the end year back in the seventh grade we had danced

before I was all the way in with my girls. I went with him on a date, we were younger and no one seemed to care then. However, there was nothing like having him pulling me towards him on the dance floor and suddenly kissing my lips, yet this time I could feel his tongue sliding underneath mine, I could feel the heat from his hot breath, as it took my breath away.

I could see the twinkling white lights blur in my sight, as I closed my eyes. I could feel his hand running through my long hair, his hands moving

down me, and gripped my butt through my blue party dress.

Yes, the bass was vibrating, the air coming from above was a child. The reverberating music seemed to all be fading away as he seemed to be pressed very tightly as if we were one, we could feel one another's bodies, I sure he could feel my heart flutter and skip a couple of beats.

As I was shaking all over. With the pounding inside my ribs as my chest was shushed upon his. As I did his hips did press- into mine and

everything was pulsing. My arms wrapped around his neck we were swaying side to side, nothing back then to hide, it was wonderful.

The back of my mouth was dry, and sore from painting in his embrace. I will never forget that night that kiss made me light-headed into his arms as I got dizzy like the dance floor was springing.

I was never happier in my life when he had to sit me down on his lap at a table, which led into the bathroom together with a little lighter. Yet we

didn’t get that far, with the teachers looking for us. I have never had such a climaxing moment in all my life, not even getting high could compare to that first French kiss and feeling his firm… boner… all pressed against me. I think that was the first time I ever made a boy do that, without making it happen for him first using my lips or hand.

(Yet, I wanted to be popular more than anything, maybe I blew it myself; having to be with so many others to get popular. I didn’t know

that love, and arousal was that it should be a real thing that just happens, that it is not forced. That it should be there before you start moving forward in a hookup or relationship. He was the only boy that I felt that way with. He was my fantasy lover.

I think I could have had him then and gave it up. In the end, he was always my fantasy; before school, throughout the day, at night in my bed, in the shower, either and even in my dreams. On my mind and in my head,

and times alone I was alone like that he was- all mine!)

(#- hashtag: lust stuck, pitching a tent, and bump and grind)

Chapter: 52

Popularity can Suck

Popularity can make a girl suck, and sucking can make a geeky girl popular. One way or another a girl is going to be sucking at something or for something in high school. That’s just the way of life, it may sound

sucking… yet it is true. The point is that popularity is an outlandishly bizarre thing to apprehend. The popularity like you can’t aesthetically give it a realistic definition.

What you do to get popular isn’t glamorous and is not spoken about becoming anyone who cares to hear what you have to do. You’re cool if you do this and you’re a loser if you don’t do that, depending on your click. Like some can do, and some can’t… the ones that can’t- are the ones that we talk about.

Girls you know if you have it when you give that flirty look at any boy from the corner of your shimmering eye. You know you have it when all you have to do is flip your hair with your hand, and the girls and guys look at you.

Popularity is like teen porn, it’s not even though it’s happening in front of you. With its oohs and a-ahs, that only shows what is thought to be the good parts and not the bad. It’s just like that because it makes you feel good, and the girl seems happy to get it.

(Yet is she… is she happy or just taking a pounding in the end.)

It's just like that because the ones that just have to look and see… that they don’t have any of their own. It makes them feel miserable. If they can only look at what they can’t have they are losing out. Since they can see it, they can only hear it, yet they're never going to feel it in real life, only less they do as they see. And that wanting to have it, that makes them even less desirable to the one that does have it already.

I have been there, and I did what I had to do. In a way, I gave up what I had in the past. Just to be one of them and be a popular girl in an ever-changing future uncertainty. Instead of that girl that had a boy that was without a doubt in love with me. Why you ask… for popularity!

In a way, the boys- is- what makes a girl popular… to a point; and the popular girls are what displays which guys you want to be with. Yes, like girls want to have what is already

been taken, it’s the challenge of taking them away from another girl.

Just like girls that have popular girlfriends, before you… they can get you higher up on the invisible list if you fall for them as they want, and by hooking you up. Why because they have been there already. How you get popular is all on you. Plus, what you’re willing to do and willing to give up. If you have no friends or don’t know the predominant boys in your life, then you’re not going to be as prevalent in high school. If you fall to your knees

and party your ass off, you just might rank on the list. Like I said- what you give, is what you get. Popularity and hooking up, all go hand and hand.

(#-Hashtag: cheap thrills, one-night stands, and what happened to just holding hands)

~*~

Jenny is a drop-dead dazzling girl in our halls. With her baby blues that make you weak, yet Just as gorgeous as she is on the outside she is twice as ugly on the inside. That is where her outstanding looks end, she

has everything every other girl has, she just an average Jane at an average height like all the others most of the time in the winter wearing the same average-looking size seven blue jeans with the sparkles on the hip posits when it too cold to wear her short skirts, like everyone else. What she has more than the others been the ability of how to get what she wants, when she wants it.

She has to get her way, and she acts that way; she thinks she’s the hottest girl in the school, and her ass

shakes side to side to prove it, and yet really, she looks the same as every other missy walking by. Though from what the boys say she is the hottest. And yes, it went to her head in like a sixth grade that she was the one everyone wanted or wanted to be. Yet she had braces on her teeth and now they are perfect and white. She had puberty pimples that she covers with makeup, she is not even as clean as some that shower, or shave more than she does. The boys that she hooks up with determines how good she feels about herself.

No- she is far from perfect!

Me- the only thing I like about the way I look is, that I have these big beautiful jade-colored eyes in the light of day. And that they change throughout the day, like my moods to a moonlight soft gray-green at the start of the night. What I never liked is that, I am what they call dainty and super skinny, I was like a size one skirt, I guess that is better than being fat, like some. Though I am shorter than most people my age. Ha- it seems that I

always have to look up at them, one way or another.

I have a lengthy cherry-brown, which is straight with flipped waves only at the ends. Bushed cheeks most of the time, I have fringes that I try to cover up, and my teeth, for the most part, are perfect, all for one that’s slightly out of line that I call the fang. I have a small nose and face, with a big smile showcasing my soft pink lips. I feel my ears are too big, yet I have mutable earrings.

Nevertheless, my hair covers them anyway. I don't have much of a butt or chest, yet it's all there for a girl my size… yet Ray likes what I have, he has felt it all up in the past, so maybe that's all that should madder. Yet I think Jenny and every other girl at the school are prettier, sexier, and cuter than me. I can help it, I feel dissimilar, yet I made the list, with a little help from my friends, and the boys they party with.

Janet Cassidy is prettier than Jenny, but being good-looking doesn't

make you that more popular, and I certainly don't think Janet even had a date at all yet. She's in the same grade as us and that's not a good thing for her.

I remember her asking a lot of boys out for the winter dance, nevertheless, she not popular, because she doesn't want to do anything with a guy or party, because she is to Christion and all the boys no, that she wants to stay pure, so they don't want to be bothered with her if she not going to hook up. Guys only want a sure

thing… not a bible lesson. If a guy takes a gal out and spends all that money on her, he wants something in return, yeah other than the whammy talking at the end of the night and maybe a kiss on the cheek. And all she does is whine and tease. Truly she only gets on her knees for the lord.

(#- Hashtag: hot or not, Sister Christian, chastity belt, me- I'm just a tiny girl, and don't call me a red-head)

Just like this one girl named Lorie, that's just a freak'n ninth-grader, and this girl her boobs are rather big.

And here’s me over here, I’m flat as a board compared to her. Like, have you ever done the nose to the wall test? Me- my nose hits the wall first, not my boobs. I hate that! Just like Jenny can do a split with her one leg going up the wall touching her head, and I can’t, I’m not that flexible… like I can’t spread my legs quite as open as she does. Yet she was a cheerleader a lot longer than I was too. Looking at other girls just makes me feel weird. I like what I see on them, yet not what I see on myself, yet we girls all have the same things just slightly different.

(I never really learned to love myself, so how was I going to love anyone else. And no not that kind of love I knew how to do that. I think you know what I’m saying.)

That one reason Jenny calls me her baby, or Kar- not Karly when she made me is in her mind, she thinks that I have not even gone through puberty completely yet. Even though she saw me on the days of my period, bleeding like crazy in the girl’s room. She knows better, two she calls me baby because

she is the one that gets me where I am today in my popularity.

I was just a baby girl until she got me hooking up with the hot boys. She took me on as hers. Yeah- so in a way… I become the top b*tch that she babies. No of these girls are perfect, we all have something we don't like. Just like Sam, she is really cute, I think… The only reason she is not one of us is because of her wheelchair, and not being able to walk. She got a smell that lights up a room, yet she has no popular friends. She is also a virgin,

mainly because no boy has tried with her yet and to me, that is just sad. Yet that's just the way it is.

Jenny likes to have a contest to see who has the biggest boobs, or who's the cutest looking. And to see if any of us went up a cup size or have something new on. I always lose that game at lunch. We also talk about how many guys we had the night before, or if we just had to share with our sisters. What our nails look… like, and our hair.

The cafeteria is the place where you find out everything you

wanted or didn't want to how about your girl's sex life, feelings, and body changes. The chatting gets so gross at times, that I stopped eating lunch. Jenny has a way of turning all of our stomachs, with the gross stuff she does and wants us to try. She is the type that talks with her hands too. I think Jenny could make the girl from the Fifty Shades of Gray books blush!

Yet, I am not going there. But Hum- I don't know… my butt hole is an exit only, I feel. I'm not as freaky as Jenny, yet I feel that we all are going to

have to try this at some point, she will make us at a party. Gag- me!

I remember back to freshman year, I got so sick after hearing the girls; I just got done eating my hot dogs with nasty chilly on them. And then I went to class and the talk in health was more of the same. So yeah- I blew chunks on Zack Woods lap, though I made it up to him, the next day under the first-floor steps, I pinned him against the wall, grabbed what I needed to, and made out with him. He was so bad as he was doing.

(He was so shocked and bad it was cute.) Yet on the side, I was the best kisser ever, and he liked it. I felt bad for him… and I’m sure he did like it! What’s not to like right, when a girl is feeling you up! Like- am I everything he has ever masturbated to, I am sure of that… and yes, I can say that about a lot of the boys in my school. I know what they do, sweetheart Zack even confessed that to me, after I kissed him. They all think they’re in love with me.

Yet, they don’t know anything about who I am really… like I’m not sure if I know who I am…! They just see what they see. I’m not sure if Ray understands me completely or not, so how are they going to, just looking at my profile photos on their computers clicking away. They just want to feel the inside of me, not get inside of me.

(Yah- know.)

So anyway, at lunch today. Jenny is somewhat okay, that I want to be with Ray… so she said, at the table smelling through her teeth. The

stipulation she gave was only if we keep on nodding terms, like with all the other guys or even girls I am with. So that means that I can have a full-blown relationship, whether I find them attractive if they're popular, hot, or not. That I can only hook up with a girl or boy, yet not stay with them. It made no sense to me. At the time I didn’t get it.

Just like I didn’t get it when I saw Maddie was wearing bunny slippers, and a holy bathrobe to school today.

Looking like, she was ridden hard and put away wet. I giggled so hard in math class today when she walked into the room; I think I snorted loudly.

Awkward- everyone looks at you when you do that. But only she can get away with that messy hair and what looks to be hairy legs, Maddie will do anything for a chortle. I mean come on shower girl at least. The teacher even asked, and she said: ‘Hitech- I was out all night banging my boy, and I have a raging hangover, so can we get this

crap over.’ He said yes, take your test, and a smart mouth to the office.

She shuffles her bunnies to his desk, rips the papers out of his hands, will give him the middle finger, and you know the one that you’re not supposed to use in public. As she trips out the door. We all clapped and wooed! That’s when I got it, she has a secret relationship too.

Yet does Jenny know, and how is that okay when she just likes me?

The point is we can do things we like to do because we're popular

and have it all. Up till now… we can only have and like what Jenny says is okay, so really- I can't do what I want. Mine popularly is not that strong even to this day it could change at any moment with her say.

Maybe I had more before I was popular. Like- I have to only like what the popular girls like, and only do things that popular girls do. I had to leave my past self behind. I can try to sneak around with my unpopular dream boy, yet she will find out, and if she does, will I be out of the click?

I don’t know, I love my girls, yet do I love him more to give that all up and go back to that girl that has nothing. Or would I have something with him… now that I didn’t before. Do I have to fall back or keep falling apart? I just don’t know! I can get away with just about anything, yet I feel like I have nothing. I have awesome girlfriends; however, I feel so empty.

I don’t feel like Karly anymore, Karly, was gone the day I was forced out of my virginity by Jenny at a drunken party. Though she blames me,

because I wanted to be popular, Jenny said that was the only way if I was going to be like her and her girls. So, I did it.

Ugh- maybe Maddie is now out of the click, and not caring anymore maybe that's why she looks like that? What should I do, what can I do?

(#- hashtag: kiss and tell, misperception misfits, and yacking trash talk)

You can look at popularity, as the universe is ever-expanding and changing. Starting with a bang, with

black holes that can take it all way, if you get too close and get sucked in. you can look at it just like a star, you're going to burn yourself out. It's just whom are you going to burn yourself out for.

Whom are you going to make your world in your universe? When just about everything revolves around you? I guess what I am saying is there's no point in studying popularity. There will always be someone that has more. And there will always be someone that has less.

Unless you’re a complete whack-a-doodle- it is rather easy to see which- is- which. Just like every girl poop… (Yes- we do!) It happens, all the time… Sometimes more than once a day.

Yet girls don’t talk about it, so it’s just like popularity, and just like crap it just happens! If you’re popular, you have to deal with a lot of stupid drama crap. And if you are a loser, nard, invisible or small like a turd; no one gives a crap about you. You've just whipped away and pissed on.

All the same, they have to deal with all the crap piling upon them to fit in. School life- everyone seems to have their nose in your crap regardless of where you rank. Metaphorical speaking… Okay, that was gross- I know, yet you get what I am saying. If you haven't figured it out, I speak my mind. Wow- I have issues, don't I? I have been hugging Maddie too long, that sounds like something she would say.

Tip- for all my girls out there, do background checks on you boys,

before you hook up. It may not be cool to ask about his business, yet it is not cool to get nasty sick either.

Like no one wants to wake up with gonorrhea Larry or mono Mike.

Also- if you're going to sleep with a guy, and spend the night, and you're not in love with him or like know his name, be sure to get out of his bed, and place before the next morning. You don't need to deal with that. It's so unlike him going to wake up and say let's cuddle. It's not going to happen unless he loves you. Look out for

yourself, no one is going to look out for you, if you make bad choices, it’s all on you.

I’m not going to fib here, it's tremendous knowing that I can do just about anything. Because my girls will back me up. And that we girls can and will get away with virtually anything.

We can say to any pain in the ass teacher to F-off, even slap the crap on them if we wanted to. And like nothing is going to happen. Why? Because the teachers just want us to like that and feel us like that too, yet

they can’t feel anything anymore they're too old. We can walk out of class at any time… and we can speak our minds.

We know that after high school, and we flashback to the past days of walking the halls.

We’ll know that we did its dead-on right, that we kissed all the cutes and hottest boys, or the ones that just need a kiss from us because we were their fantasy. We’ll look back and know that we went to the greatest

parties, and we resized some hell along the way.

That we smoked and drank ‘till we dropped, and popped and locked to all the coolest loudest music. That we did and tried far too many different things, like cigarettes, things that are so illegal with different types of getting it in. We drank far too much cheap beer with big plastic funnels and hoses or doing the handstands of the cage gaping it down.

Almost the same way we girls did with all the boys. We got so messed

up to the point everything was funny, and any boy looked good enough to hook up with. We popped the drugs, like candies, we heard what we wanted to hear, and put our middle fingers up to what we didn't. We didn't get an education like most, it was more like a crazy fun ride, that all blurs- together like the lines that we all saw on the marrow at the party.

You could not tell us what to do. We did what we wanted, and when we wanted to do it. We know how to be trashy and yet act as if we were classy.

We were the girls that made the school cool, and everyone knew it, and they knew where they ranked with us.

Trust me: I know what it is like to be on the other side looking in.

I know that the grass is not always greener too. I was on the other side of popularity for the first part of my lifespan. I was the lowest of the low-life scraping the bottom. Dispute it if you want, I had zilch growing up, I was like that trash in the streets that got discarded. I felt like a girl that was homeless in elementary school living

under a Pittsburgh bridge in a ball in the fetal position.

I would come home and feel the same way, I was the one that was forgotten about, mom and dad would be fighting over money, and having yet a mother-baby mouth to feed my sis. And I was just their pinking throws their leftovers at the table if they even remember at all to give me a place sitting at the table. I am not making excuses for them; however, they were young when they had me, I was the only reason they got married, and

really, they didn't know what they were doing.

They did not know how to be good parents, because their parents kicked them to the streets before they were eighteen. So yeah, they strained to show their love and caring for me.

All the times that I could beg you please, in vain. It's not going to change anything about how you feel. All the times that I felt insecure; it was for them. So, I found a way out as I got older. I left all my burdens and innocents at the door, Mom and Dad,

you are what bring me to my knees because I felt insecure.

All the time the argumentative yelling won't end. All the times that I've cried, all this wasted, it was all inside, for you to never notice. I saw through you all, saw the real you, I waste more time trying to get loved by you, just time wasted! And what was said the first boy that ever made me feel loved was Ray, and I wasted that time on them?

The girls took the place of the family that I had, that I was never part of.

And even they did want me to have love because they didn't have it either. So, really in the end… I was nothing but a bloodstain on the road, for life to wash away. The sky that boy and my sis were the only tearing raindrops that fell for me when I dyed, no one else cared. My mother always sides that I was going to find a way to kill myself. She did shed a tear! And dad never thought, I was going to grow

up, he didn’t have a clue about who I was. But I still love them all, even if they never loved me. All the others in the SUV where-in the hospital in a coma, so they never got to say goodbye.

I'm bitter: yes, do I care: No. I just think about what I would have done differently. Nobody ever said that that life was far! Nothing is for sure only death, it is always near in any graveyard, even if it seems so far away until you have your maker with your name on it.

Death is the only face in life you can trust. (#Hashtag: Bead beat daddy, screaming meme mommy, and first Cadillac ride was in a hearse)

~*~

(It's on)

Right after we fleetly pull into the parking lot at the school. About five minutes before the late ball. Jenny speeds and floors, it is squealing like a pig and turning the wheel hard to the right into any random open parking spot, near hitting coffee-covered Maggie and ripping the pitted bumbler

of the orange Chevy truck next to us. And scamming some other kids who were running by just to get out of the way, and in the school doors on time.

They were mostly dumbfounded freshmen. That has not gotten the fact that Jenny will run their asses over, and not even blink. Let just say that Jenny never parks in her spot at the end of the lot. Nope nut-ah, she has even parked sideways in the principal space, up in the staff lot, just because. Jenny, she jokingly says…

‘What are they going to do spank me!’

Unlikely… yet even if they would, she would probably enjoy it. Anyone else that would do that, would get towed at their own expense. I can see some of the girls with the light pink and love stranded red lace dresses peeping out from under their jackets, along with the glittery joinery, one was holding a tiara, papering for the big dance. Covering them up so putatively so the water would not trade them.

‘Hurry up you’ll be slower than six bags of crap!’

Jenny muttered as we got out of her SUV next to the back door of the school. This row or lot was only reserved for the seniors, yet it seems that everyone conjugates here before the ball.

Yet, Jenny has been parking in a senior row since freshman year. Jenny has even parked in the handicap space. Her excuse she gives was it was her time of mouth. And she didn’t want to have to do the shuffle walk, riding the

cotton pony in the ferrying cold. Yeah no- feeling things sticking to her oh so grossly as she was crimpy.

Yet in a way, I can’t say I blame her.

(Who wants that?)

We girls have some much more crap to deal with… like that. Period-handicap approved? Nevertheless, she has parked there for more than seven days in one month, she only really needs two. I guess I or one of the other girls, that ride in her car gets the blame for her parking there when she

is not on her leak week. Up to now… I'm not complaining, we can get away with it. Just like yesterday, Jenny pulled into this very lot, yelling oh F-no.

She was blaring the horn with her palm, her eyes were all wide wild, even though it was so apparent that Taylor (a senior) was there before us. Then without thinking Jenny presses her foot down on the gas pedal. Liv puts her hands over her eyes and screeches like a little girl. About the same time, what little bit of hot chocolate that I was sipping on dribbles

all down my chin from being jerked around. Oh no she didn't- I thought… yes, yes- she did. She piled out burning rubber cutting Taylor off. Yeah like- she cut her off faster than a fat boy getting cut at a bar mitzvah.

(Ouch!)

Jenny's balding mixed tires Coopers in the front and Firestone in the back were spinning the whole time. In the blink of an eye Taylor slams on her screeching old brakes that cry as she gets pushed back and ripped off by Jenny.

Her orange Chevy truck stopped… yet gets sniped by her SUV letting Jenny in her spot. Let's just say that Taylor bumper and some others take a beating and get scared up most days. That is why Taylor only has one working taillight, and her one headlight looks like it is winking at you. She doesn't bother in getting it fixed, just like her passenger-side mirror that Liv smashed when she opened her door; because it's just going to happen again. I guess some things just don't need fixing, even if it would look nicer? That reminds me…

‘Great…’ I said, mopping up the hot chocolate going down in my chin and boobs with a balled-up McDonald napkin.

‘Now I get to go around all day with my boobs smelling like a Hershey chocolate bar.’ ‘Boys like the smell of junk food,’ says Liv from the backseat. ‘I read it in Seventeen magazine.’

‘Why don’t you put a Snickers bar down your pants, and Ray would probably freak or suck you before homeroom.’ Jenny said gruffly. As she flips up the mirror from the sun visor

checking her appearance. ‘God- Jen, jealous much- says Liv.’ Jenny- oh shut up! I’m not jealous of that! Why don’t you just go dry hump on your gay lover?’

Liv- ‘Maybe I will, why do you want to watch Jen?’ Jenny just made a face that a girl in preschool would make, sticking out her tongue, with her hands flapping at her ears.

(#- Hashtag: Handicap in the head, freshman demolition derby, and the girly flu)

~*~

Karly- Ray he is so smart and funny, and can always make me smile. He can even read… and that's a lot more than most boys that I have been with, it's like all their blood goes to the wrong head. Away ways he says that- 'A book is either good or can suck harder than your girlfriend on your birthday.' I giggled so hard when he said that.

He said- 'That you just know what you like.' And from that, I knew that he liked me because I am his open book for him to read. Just like how two books are never perfectly the same,

just like he is different from the other boys. We were going to write a story as one in love couple, a happily ever after story. Yet it never happened. Every day could have felt like his birthday with me.

(Yes- I am just that awesome! He- he)

I would have to say that I loved everything about him.

(I want my love story!)

He was not like the others…

(Yet, I found that out somewhat too late.)

There was something there that was different, something real. He felt unlike any other to me. Like I have dreamed of him making me arch my back out of plush, his warm breath on my neck, as he moves ever so, slowly downwards kissing my chest, and sucking on whatever he wanted. Only to move back up and whisper sweet words in my ears. Hearing that low sensual voice makes me quiver in satisfaction. As I was letting him go

down on me. With him feeling all the wetness and warmth from way down inside of me.

Awl God- it’s got to be more than a daydream! I have had the sensations of him spread my legs apart one by one, moving his body unstop of mine, and before feeling those little tugging kisses right there on me before siding what I wanted the most in. I have felt him down in there… yet only in my fatuity. (It’s just liked a dream that is so real, all I have to do is think about him!) Of course, I have found

myself groaning softly sometimes out of pleasure in boarding classes, just lost in the moment.

I can’t complain about even being the dead girl looking back. I have had the pleasure of seeing that thumping hard thing in my face when trying to head for the right areas speeding my lips open and hitting all the right stops, yet never reaching the pick of the journey.

Yet, I’m content with knowing the fact that he did slip his hand down my panties and rub me up-down, and

around. Every chance we could cut away from the others. I loved his fingers touching me, and petting my little pink kitty, till the point of an ecstatic explosion.

I will always remember feeling one another's love parts, many times over with our hands and mouths only. Yet I wanted to feel his penetrating love so hard, long, and deep where it should have been. Without having someone getting in the way.

(Why couldn’t I have shown him, I loved him even more, than the

others? It’s never going to happen now!)

(#- Romeo wherefore art thou

Romeo, and moist humming daydreamer)

~*~

‘Ou- yah-a-ah’ Ohaaaa!

Jenny is a screamer in more ways than one! One day not too long ago she cut Taylor off the same way yelling out the window. She said- sorry honey, you’re not freaking going to get any today, like always. She meant that

in more than one way also. Taylor yells back- ‘It was all your sweetie anyway, you’re nothing but a parking horror!’ That was a lie coming from her, but we knew what she meant by the words she said. (Awkward staring from everyone, even the kids looking down from the windows of the school building towering above us. All the same, Jenny keeps her freshly powdered nose in the air.)

Chapter: 53

Maddie and Liv, more than friends?

(Girls)

Maddie- It was my freshman year on a Monday, it could just like- the day of the accident. It felt more like December than November; it was so comparable. Just Like the day- I said- goodbye to one of my girlfriends, Karly.

That day was hard for me, yet it made me see back to another day, I remembered how I was in love and

wasn't sure if it was right or not. If anything, Karly was the one that showed me that I can love another person even if she is a girl. I loved Karly that way, I kissed her too. Yet she wanted Ray Raymond more than anyone, I knew… but know girl turn me on more than me

BFF Liv.

No boy has ever made me feel like she can. That day the leaves on the street were wet and shiny, just like the first time I saw her p*ssy as she was standing in front of me. I was

undressed standing in front of her too, it was the first time… for us to try this.

She was wet, shiny, and dripping droplets of stickiness that I could see. It was oozing, running down her falling off like the frozen rain dripping falling off the dangling leaves on the naked tree branches. She wanted me just as I wanted her.

My dream comes true! It may have been so wrong, yet she felt so right! At the time all I wanted to be was her! At this time all I want is her. I have tried to put my love for her out of my

mind with boys, yet it’s not the same. I give up on loving, I mean just look at me now! Look at what I have done to kill the pain of not having whom I loved. I have had a boy all night in my room, yet I need her only. I have Liv on my mind all the time! Just like Karly did with Ray.

About three years ago when I moved here from Orlando, I lived five minutes from the famous park. I remember my first day at a new school here. It was so scary, yet that was when I saw Liv with Jenny for the first time.

Any- how's Mom and step Dad moved here to Pittsburgh… why it is beyond me. Then again it was very much so the best thing that ever happened to me, like a weird twist of fate. Why Pittsburgh?

I presume, it was so they could be together after the marriage, which was doomed from the start. Yet I just the kid no one ever listened to me other than my girls. One girl more than the others knew me from the inside and out. This is an okay city, what can I say, it could have nicer weather.

The summer is too short and the winters are way freaking long. Though I dream of her body being worth keeping me warm when I am oh so cold. There are more brown trees, purple hills, and glassy concrete things… than flowers that bloom in the short spring.

Most of the buildings in the Hills are residential four or five-story gray stones with run-down homes in-between with little gardens in the back most have some kind of dried-up stuff they call grass as a yard. I have always

liked living in Florida more than here because it does tend to be a bit duller here than there, where nearly everyone is white so unlike my old school. In my old hometown, most people's parents had jobs as doctors, lawyers, and teachers. Here it seems your mom and dad just have to struggle to get what they can get.

I remember the first time I met Olivia in the parking lot. You know that I got her cell phone number as fast as I could without looking too creepy. And a photo of her that I idolized. She asked

me my name and my heart were all aflutter.

I said- ‘Madelyn’ but you can call me Maddie… everyone does. I said sweetly yet shaky, batting my eyes at her. I think I managed to sound casual, at least I know I tried to. My heart was raising and my belly was full of butterflies. My palms were sweating, as I handed her the blue-covered phone back, after typing in my contact information in her cell, as she did with mine. I was thinking about all the text

we were going to send to one another and the photos.

My lips were tingling… I so wanted to kiss her right there and then. My vagina became aroused and slippery, I could feel my heartbeat down there, my breasts seemed to swell a little, and my nipples became erect and hard.

I hope she didn’t note! I was getting hot for her.

I wondered if she was feeling the same about me?

Were all the same things happening to her like me? I wanted to ask, yet I did then. It wouldn't have been right too. I wanted her to touch me! I wanted to touch her so badly! I wanted to rain my fingers, throw down her long soft hair and grab her tight little butt with both of my hands, and crease her body with my fingertips, and slide my tongue up and down as much as she would let me. I just want to hug her on the spot, and never- ever let her go. Not let go until she says release me, please. However, I knew that would not be right either.

It was all happening too fast for me. I never thought I was into girls like I never had a lesbian thought in my awareness before until that moment. I was thunderstruck something just went off on me, saying in my brain saying-

‘Yes! Yes! Oh- yes!’

You are what I have been looking for along. I was into her, it was love at first sight, and I felt so hard for her. Then again, I felt so dirty and weird for what I wanted to do to her in my mind, my mouth felt dry as I walked away, I knew what I was feeling was

not what I thought was normal for a girl like me to think. I knew if my mom and dad would find out they would disown me. She would have to stay my hush-hush girl crush!

~*~

Liv- One week later- ‘Hey,’ Maddie said,’ you never called me back!’ It struck me in my mind because girls don't ask that. So frantically, that’s when she didn't know what to say anymore. She was frightened of me, while applying pink lip gloss, looking more at the ground than at me, just like

a little boy that didn’t know what to say to the girl he liked. Then I did, I said- ‘Oh- sorry but… I don’t know you.’ And for a few seconds passed with her rocking on the heel and then tow. We both just fumbled for a clear word. But after about the fourth very long pause, she said, in this really small voice and hesitantly, ‘Um- I- was- wondering… if you’d like to go-o to the movies o-or something with me on Saturday? Like you don't have to if you don't w-want to. I thought maybe you'd like to since I’m new here. You could sh-show me around the town. I da-didn’t care what

the movie is… but… oh… um- okay, well, ma-may-be you wouldn't. It- it was wrong for me- to ask.’

‘Sure, I would,’ I said rapidly, stopping her somewhat adorably cute stuttering… ‘You would?’ she started to tear up. She sounded shocked. I didn’t know that girls her age still yelped when delighted. However, she did. ‘Sure, I would love it, I’ll even show you the parks, and the buildings like the Benedum, and I’ll show you everything.’ Everything, she gulped hard, taking down some air.

‘Sure, I said- Ever been to Primanti Brothers?’ ‘Ah- no what’s that… she asked surprised with confusion.’ I leaned into her face with mine to the point our lips almost touched, while looking deep into her gleaming eyes, and said you’ll just have to see.’ ‘A-um- okay!’ She said, so satisfied with a long sigh. I thought… well- what do you know?

I said to Maddie just promise me, that you won’t try putting your arm around me when I sit together watching the movie. ah- nah- no I

wouldn’t think of it she said disappointedly. And the look on her face becomes sad. I was joking… of course, you can if you want. Then I said you can hold my hand too, Maddie giggled cutely then! Somewhat relieved that I was just teasing her. Yeah, I have to say I thought she was cute from the start.

I think that was the first time I heard her laugh that way… in her special way. It was full of cheerfulness. I don't mean amusing, although it was that too. She laughed as if what I'd just

said was so crafty and meant so much to her, that it had somehow made her fizzle over with pleasure and delight. That phone number I gave her was the best thing that had happened to her. And that situation at the school of me not assuring her texts and calls didn't seem nearly so bad anymore.

(#-hashtag: making the movie, U-Hauling, and lipstick lesbian)

~*~

I recall that a couple of days after she asked me out in Ms. Oliver’s class the teacher was a couple of

minutes late to Math. That day it was on Monday, which was my last class at the end of the day. Maddie- she gave me that quick nod, and her face got crimson red and she picked up her algebra book and covered her sweet little faces sitting at her desk. I walked over to her and pulled the book down. She looked at me so angelic, that is when I said can I share with you today, I left my book at home.

That was the time we'd studied to gather, and sit next to each other, almost on top of each other’s laps. I

could feel her thigh touching mine, I could feel her body heat, and that felt nice and comforting. Just like the next day in Miss. Gardens English class Maddie saw me, and she, and she sat beside me like before yet even closer than before, we had to read out loud to the class a poem. I will never forget she trembled as she stood and spoke softly and said-

'I Think I Love You.'

It was that first look, which was all it took.

I knew from the start, we would never part, that you took my heart.

When I saw your warm smile, there was no denial, that I must be your gal.

When looking into your eyes, there are no lies, you gave me the butterflies.

There are no words to say, how you make my day, even if others will call us gay.

Only your words touching my ears is what I want to hear, with your love I have no fears, moments with you are so dear.

You have touched my heart and soul; you make me feel whole.

I love your lips, I love your hips, I can’t resist. I love everything about you, it hits me so hard, that my heart seems to do backflips.

When you say: ‘I Think- I Love you.’

I know- she chooses- the poem she read for me. She was next to me, facing all the kids in the class as she read her feelings, which we're all taking all in stunned and wide-eyed, even the teacher was speechless. Maddie, she was coming out about liking me. I don’t care how you are; it takes a lot of lady balls to do that!

I’ll never- ever forget after she was done reading. She dropped the paper out of her small hands, and with everyone's eyes looking at her boys and girls the same; thinking she was crazy.

She turned and faced me. Frightened, but eager, and said- innocently ‘I THINK I LOVE YOU- OLIVIA!’

She bent down, and French kissed me right on the lips, as everyone gasped. The kids in the class started to giggle, woot, and whistle. Some of the things some said about her were awful. She got so embarrassed that she ran out of the room, knocking books off desks and everyone, crying and blushed. I think my jaw was most likely hanging open after that sensual, breathtaking kiss. I was bushed too,

nevertheless, I was thrilled that she did it. I had to say to the class that it wasn't very nice of you guys… I like what she just did was so charismatic and brave of her. The teacher said I don't get it… but, yes class did you see the passion and emotion she put into her reading. That is why she gets an A+ unlike the rest of you lifeless slackers, Yawl didn't even try.

Inside the notebook paper, she drops on the floor under my desk with my left foot unnoticed, which she wrote her poem on. So that I could pick it up

after class without everyone looking at me doing it. The ball raged out three times, everyone ran out of the room like it was on fire, wanting to get to their lockers and go home.

Yet, I just stayed at my desk for a couple of extra minutes, so that I could be down and get the note that was under my foot. I looked at the wrinkled up lined paper intently and read it again, looking at every penstock and letter in her sweet handwriting, and I carefully folded it up into fours, and put it in my hip pocket, for

safekeeping. ‘I believe that you have to kiss a lot of frogs before you find out that you just want a princess and not just some boy.’

Ms. Oliver walks back into the room, and I look up. She sits down and the chair creeks at her desk in the front of the room. She pushes her tired bangs out of her graying eyes. She said- ‘You can stay as long as you want honey, I don’t have anything to go home to.’ She isn't that old, yet she looks as if she had not slept for years, either that or just sexily frustrated. I

can’t place it; I could tell that her husband didn't care about her anymore.

Let just say she let herself go, and her only friends live in the books that she reads. But the way she acted when she saw Maddie kiss me. It was like she was dreaming about being young and in love again. Or just maybe she had a girlfriend at one time and let her go. Because times were different then. It was almost as if she was having a flashback or something. I don’t know… Just like sometimes she joked about it, how she doesn’t get any last

night to the class, in that special saddle way.

She has a sense of humor in things most people don't find funny. I kind of feel for her. She said- 'You know it's hard to love a man… when he doesn't love you back. I remember being your age, love was different then. Enjoy it now, will you can. It's not as carefree and easy to find in a partner, as you get to become a grownup.' I just shook my head yes, understandingly, and said- 'Um- okay- while, I have to go.' I wanted to leave before she

started to cry or something. Plus, I wanted to see where Maddie ran off too.

Ms. Oliver Just gave me a little wavy, as I headed to the door and out into the paper and pencil littered the empty hallway. I knew that she was mostly going to fall asleep at her desk. Darling on the papers that she was going to grade for us to give back the next class.

Her voice is always so weak like she has lost her only friend. The only time she seems that she is alive is

when she is reading to the class. She gets so worked up when teaching. Kind of like Lewis Black, getting a point made, that's not that relevant. You know the type, which looks like they're going to have a coronary on stage. She looks and shouts just like that.

Maddie- I remember freshman year, and how I told my parents about my first Spirit week and the Friday night dance. They were like-

'That's nice honey…'

(Half paying attention.)

‘So-o who’s the lucky boy?’ dad said. ‘Who got you flowers?’ Said, mom. She remembered the flowers from way back in the old school days when she went to high school there in the nineteen-eighties. ‘I remember how I loved that…!’ she said. I said- ‘Um- Yes! I am looking forward to it too.’ Yet it was hard for me to break it to them. So hard to say that- ‘I am not receiving any flowers.’ Dad asks me- ‘why not?’

And I said- ‘Girls can’t give other girls flowers.’ Dad said- ‘Yeah and

why the hell does that matter-Madeline?

(He was dumbfounded for a minute or two.)

After the long uncomfortable halt in the chat, I spoke up… ‘So-o mom- dad… I am not going with a boy, that’s why.

(I hesitated with a deep breath.)

‘I am going to go with a girl to the dance, I’m kind of going out with her.’ Yeah, you know it. The look on

their faces was that of horror! ‘Mom the guy of my dreams is a girl sorry… but I love her!’

Mom got up from the table, we were having dinner, leftover meatloaf, and potatoes.

Dad, he dropped his fork in the runny brown gravy, and said- ‘You’re kidding, right?’ I said (Nervously) ‘NO!’

No- I’m not!’

‘I’m going with a girl named Olivia, and I want you to meet her. I want you to love her as I do.’

Dad said- ‘You LOVE her!’ I held- ‘Yes daddy- I LOVE her. She’s cute, smart, funny, and sexy… she makes me happy. Oh, daddy- I could go on and on about her and what she does to me.’

Dad, he just shivered all up and down his body when I said that. Mom was now in the living room rocking in her chair. Saying- ‘Where did I go wrong’ over and over. I think dad was more open-minded or just fascinated by me like a girl. It seemed as if he was looking forward to meeting the girl that

stole my heart away. Either that or he knew that at least I was not going to get parents!

Telling them I was seeing a girl was extremely difficult.

(I would like to say that I am still the same girl, and like I don’t have a deadly disease!)

Yet, they acted as if I was sick! My mother was furious. Saying ‘You're an intelligent person, this is not how couple’s work.’ She thundered. ‘You should know better and have better

judgment than to want to do this atrocity.’

My mother was unsympathetic, which was worse than you could imagine. It hurt me that she didn’t get it. And she was judging Olivia before getting to see what I see in her. I had to explain that she was not changing my mind. She could force a boy on me, yet I was always going to love her and never- ever stop.

Then the sex questions popped up. Dad asking if I had it yet with anyone? And I said of course with her.

And he was like- ‘How does that work with a girl…?’ He spoke.

I just sighed- and said- ‘Daddy it’s not hard to figure out! You just scissor smack and rub your vaginas together and figure inside and out. Or just do oral on one another… sometimes at the same time.’ Yeah- he was sorry that he asked! As for mom- that’s just when she fainted while beforehand saying- ‘Jesus please help this sinning little girl!’ I could not believe the big deal she was making over this…!

Dad just said- ‘Oh? Oh- o-Okay?

Madeline that’s enough!’ Yeah- I think he got it! All I could hope for is that mom and dad would see her in that flush pink sparkle-covered dress ahead of time, and fall in love with her… take our photo, and be happy for us; that is all I hoped for!

Three years later, right now. I still treasure that photograph hugging next to my bed, of us kissing and holding hands before the dance us in our dresses! We got our flower

bouquets for each other and danced all night as a close twosome. As well as mom and dad learned to love her as if she was my really good friend that was a girl. Liv was the love of my life that year. And all I really wanted and needed all the years after, until this point anyway.

I guess just like Karly, I had to do what I needed to do just to be in the cool kid's group. I fall into the same trance that Jenny put over us, thinking the grass is green on the other side. Yet mom and dad were happier too, with

her calling all the shots for me, to be as they call normal. I fell for what they wanted, and not what I wanted for myself. I was not truly happy, yet I did it anyway… I was so dumb. To nearly give up everything… everything that I loved for them to want me. ‘I hate it… when people say to move on to something else. When there was nothing else to move on to in my mind.’

(#-hashtag: don’t forget about me, kissing a girl and liking it, nothing can keep us apart)

~*~

Liv- I remember my first date with her, the cutest, sweetest, and loveliest girl in the world! We desisted to ride a bike through the many throughout the city. It was the day that was warm for December first, it was like sixty outside. We were going to overlook the river most of the way, we didn’t know how far we were going to go before we would stop, we were testing the waters, mainly we just wanted to find a place to hook up, which was private, so we could play with each other’s privates. The sun was peeking up over the trees and burning

off the medieval fortress of night, it was early, yet we wanted to be on the parkway going into the park, before all the others.

Maddie was there in front of me. As I walked upholding my old bike, she said ready to do this, as she winked her one eye; and I knew what she had in mind. Just as my mind was on her even a minute of every ticking second of the weak and the days that passed, to when we could do this. I saw her near the entrance, leaning against the buildings that house the bathrooms,

there was a reddish-brown granite off in the opposite direction. That we had to pass to get on the trill.

I remember looking her over. She had on a long cotton skirt with a pattern in it, and a heavy blue sweater; I remember thinking the sweater made the skirt look out of place, as did the small olive handbag strapped to her shoulders that was childlike. Her lavish hair tumbled freely down over the pack. A green hair clip on the one side, she was biting her bottom lip nervously, her lips were begging to be kissed by me. It

was just one of the corks that she does when waiting for me, it’s only for me, kind of like letting me know she is feeling- all tingly-tingly for me. I stopped for a few seconds before walking up to her, and I just stood there watching her, but she didn't notice me.

Five minutes or so passed, as I was daydreaming about all the things, I want to do with her and do creasing, touching, and even tasting, her… anyhow I went up to her and said, ‘Hi.’ She gave a little jump wavy and a

thumbs’ up- such a girly tomboy… shouting over here, she'd been there somewhat longer than me, and she had already done- a half-mile or so to meet up with me. She was looking at me over in her thoughts.

She gave me this wonderful slow smile, as it spread across her face and her eyes were bright and glittery, ‘Hey,’ she said as she throws her leg over the tall tubing of her bike lifting her skirt to her showing somewhat of her one butt cheek for me to see in a flirty way. She bounded down on her

seat, as she gave that first thrust on her puddle and said as she was pulling away ‘Liv… you- coming?’ I was thinking, yes Maddie I’m coming! I'm coming right now for you… ‘Of course, I’m coming,’ I said- hastily, and my voice cracked in the air.

‘Why wouldn't I have?’

Like, I would follow her cute butt anywhere that she leads me! She should know that she came for her! Seeing her hair blowing back in the breeze, as she was bent forward on her bike stretched out over the handlebars.

I knew she was rubbing the small seat as I was with mine, the scraping down there like it just made me think about her even more, as I was pedaling hoping to get there, and to get off. I was getting so hot, out of breath, and thirsty! I just wanted to have that full release, and ride with her agent the wind, going downhill, feeling the sensations throughout my body.

She was flying in front of me. As I was trying to pass, I did this just to see what she would do, maybe I would get there before her. I knew that she

wanted to see me… like I was looking at her because she keeps looking back to see if I was still there. I even said ‘Babe- I’m not going anywhere!’

Finally, while grinding my gears, I could feel the vibrations of my tires from running over the loose gravel, as I got around her, stimulating my clitoris as I pressed even harder down on my bike seat, boning up and downward with every leg pump pedaling hard. The feeling was much the way; I knew she would be doing to

me. When we got to the right spot, she would hit all the right spots.

Um- her pressing and flicking up with her with one blue-green nail polish elongated middle finger. I knew that it would be going deep inside of me. As the others would ride on the outside, my blushing skin pressed down jiggling and cycling me. Aww yes, feeling my inner walls contracting and cramping squeezing down on her finger as she tries to pull it back out. The feeling she gives me is gushing. Just the way she rushes to my brain!

And that is exactly what happened when we found a grove of the evergreen tree, we kissed until she laid me down slowly and got on top of my shivering body, we were off to the sideway down this dreamy pathway the trees made it dark and cool color in the light, the sun was filtering through tenderly… it was a tranquil spot. At the end of the trees, it opens up into a half-frozen river that we overlooked as we made love.

Yes, it was so cold, yet we still got naked.

Maddie- Yes- I remember…

unbuttoning her top on the button at a time. She smelt so-o good, as I was looking into her lovestruck eyes, her lips parted… I was running my hands up her back, tickling her a little, along with squeezing her boobs with my hands, thought lacy her bra. Siding my hands down her bailey, as she was rubbing her hand and fingers over the little front fabric pace of her undies. She was doing this with me, as I was doing it to her. Her nipples pointed and squeezable with my thumb and

fingertip, they were in my face, as bent slightly jerking down my skirt to fall.

Both of us kicked off the shoes, and everything slipped off around our feet. Letting the undies fall to the ground, just as we fall to the ground in a hug. Us rolling around in the dew-covered foliage. Mum- feeling her body heat was all I needed to keep warm. Yes, it’s safe to say that I am hot for her… and I feel safe intertwined with her cozy embrace.

Liv- I was wondering what she was thinking the whole time. I love

getting into her feelings. I love every meaningful thought she had and told me, about everything and anything.

And that giggle that melts my heart. I enjoyed just trying to get her to laugh, just so I could hear her. Yet she just about does that giggle with about everything I said, because she had a nervous laugh… because she loves me.

Looking at her wrist I could see her classic gummy bristles. I remember how when we were younger in middle school, they resented what all we would do with a partner. Maddie went to a

different school then, yet the gummy was the same regardless. And looking at her wrist that day she was wearing a back one and a green one, and that was exactly what we did. Black- indicates that she is willing to have regular ‘missionary’ sex! Green- indicates ‘oral’ sex with a girl. Yet most girls that I know, walking in the halls of the school have been wearing blue- that meant the girl would give ‘oral’ to a boy.

(Karly had that one on a lot, and sometimes purple- manning that

she was Bi, and would be willing to kiss and make out with a girl.)

Most girls were blue and black colored one's scenes seventh grade. As for Maddie and me, we stuck with Green and Black mostly that freshmen year. The other colors no one cared about in high school, like all you wanted to see, was that one Black one, to know if they would go all the way with you. You weren't all that cool if you didn't have those colors on. I remember Madilyn and losers' girls like her only had a yellow one and that goes

for even now, and that's just lame! (Boys what more than hugs!) Just like it was lame when girls would try to wear too many at one time. Because you know they were lying about what they're willing to do. It's not cool- to try that hard.

I knew I was in love to go all the way on the first date! I never did that with anyone before. There was nothing I wanted more, nothing I would give her up for… so I alleged. Things change if you want them to or not! And others can change what you want for

you… that’s the life of a teenage lesbian! Changing into something they want you to be, and not whom you are meant to be at the time and time after. To me… It’s more wrong for me to pretend that I like a boy and break his heart… because I’m not into it. Then it is to be with a girl, I think that. She can go and be a heart barker that’s not for me.

Yet, Jenny thinks I should be just like her. And my family thinks Jenny is what I should become, they have no clue who and what she is. And

most in this world never see things like-I do. It's easy loving another girl, it’s hard for other people to love you for loving her though.

Love is love… and without her, because of them, I feel loveless… and it's all because they feel that my love should be given differently, then I know-how. What is wrong with us being this way? It could be because I’m this way that it was slowly taking away. Like I’m being punished… Maybe I was doing something wrong. Perhaps… it will all work out, and maybe not.

Perhaps…?

Chapter: 54

Falling to your knees

Karly- Oh before getting out of the car how could I forget: ‘Maybe you should try it with Ray, said Liv.’ Jenny throws her coffee-stained napkin at me, and I catch it and toss it back. She’s laughing. ‘You didn’t think I’d forget about your big night, did you?

I know what you have been planning on doing with him?’ She

fuddles in her handbag and the next thing that flies at me is my and Ray used a crumpled-up noted condom with bits of my old bubble gum stuck to it. Jenny cracks up and says this is your baby from the other night. We saw you playing with it, about to get on and off! Liv looks at the condom that is sticking to my face, and there is no man stuff in it. Jenny giggles even heard saying- yeah, I know that's what's funny, and there never will be… because the baby girl here doesn't know how to get it done! 'You're so sick,' I said, taking the icky condom off my face with my

thumb and one finger, dropping it in Jenny's glove compartment, with all the others that are used along with all the other grossly girly stuff she keeps in there that used too.

Just touching it gets my nerves going yet again. I can feel something spiral at the bottom of my stomach. I was thinking about how we can get this done.

(Oh, how I wanted him. Jenny knew it and was rubbing it in.)

Then Liv speaks up saying, I don’t know why you bother using those things anyways.

That’s what slows you down! ‘What!’ Jenny slams on the brakes.

‘Saying only a dumb-ass fool doesn’t have their boy rap their tool!’

Liv says I’ve by no means understood why condoms are used and kept in those tiny foil wrappers. They look so scientific, like something your physician would prescribe for allergies or bowel problems. Jenny looks at Liv, and says, ``You don’t know how to use

one? I said only you would think there for taking a dump and sneezing!

Liv- shakes her head no…

Jenny leans her set back, kisses her on the cheek. Saying you're so dumb!

(Yet in my mind, I was thinking that's how she gets it done. She doesn't have time… as I do.)

Jenny- she leaves a small circle of pink lip gloss on her. Then she grabs her handbag, pulls out a new one, and rips the wrapper open with her teeth. Saying- 'I have to teach you girls everything.'

She tells Liv- okay stick up your pointer and middle fingers, and she unrolls it down her two fingers.

Saying- see that’s not so hard is it! Liv says- ou-w-ha does that mean I’m going to have to touch his wee-wee! And Jenny just slaps her hand on her forehead. Just like one girl's pleasure is another girl’s turn off.

(That’s when it hit me too… I knew that she was still gay for Maddie. And that she was just putting on a front, for everyone. She’s like me, so in love with what she was NOT allowed to

have, because of what others would think.)

~*~

Karly- Mr. Davis, the gym teacher, is standing outside the gymnasium, like always when we're getting out of the car. You know that he's most certainly checking out our asses. Liv thinks the reason he insisted on teaching the girls is so he can see the young cute girls in the showers and just bare ass naked. His office is all open windows and it is right next to the

girl’s exposed dressing room, open shower, and the visible toilets.

Now every time I pee in the gym, I get paranoid that he is looking up my tampon tunnel! He always walks in like when you’re peeing a stream like Trevi Fountain and can stop it! I just wonder what all he has seen of us over the years? I know he has seen me, and most of the girls are braless and without undies many times.

He says- this is my job to look at you, and make sure you’re all doing what you need to do… um- okay if you

say so, creeper! Jenny, she has no problem showing off her waxed goodies, me not so much… the only one that needs to see my tiny fuzzy puss is Ray, or my stocker sis if she what to share again… ha!

~*~

‘Howdy young lady's, let’s move it along’ he calls to us. He’s also the softball and track coach, which is tongue-in-cheek since he undoubtedly couldn’t sprint two feet and back. He looks like a cow, and his skin is blotchy, just like a dairy cow. He is the type that

his chest hair gets caught in the fly of his slacks.

‘Come on now my lovely little ladies, I don’t what to say that you are late on my roll paper.’

(#- Hashtag: a sticky situation, looking in the tunnel of love, and creeper teacher)

I don’t want to have to spank him, yet I did. Jenny does a mocking impression of his voice, walking past. It is strangely low-pitched and raspy, another reason why Liv thinks he is such a pedophile. Liv and Jenny crack

up just looking at his sideways little grin.

(The look is like- come here and freaking ride me!) He always eyes us, little girls, with bad intent, with his icy stone-cold stocker blue eyes. Those eyes that chill your blood just looking into them for too long. We all know he has gotten his way with some young ones… just like me. I would know too… You know for sure he bent them over, doing doggy style. Putting his curved nasty penis into their snug honey hole.

Like a spy on a mission for what is coursing all the bloodshed in the house of love. I just feel that… all of us girls do! Jenny says it… it must be true! It like you can see and hear their sex screams in the steaminess of the room, as you channel into his creepy gaze! I know he wants me like that, I know he wants to go down on me, like before! I know- he wants to eat me out, again.

Like the orange, he is sucking on now! Just like the others, he has been in the locker room and showers.

We girls just add to all the photos from all the years… of girls thirty years' worth.

Jenny would know, she mostly has banged her brains out that way. With him forcing it down inside of her, all these years! She has seen all the photos of the girl's plastid on his office wall. Me being one of them. She is the week all of us girls are compared to his big flabby body flopping around on us.

You can't fit him off you when he grabs you. I would know… Nevertheless, these girls have to beat

him off! He likes it more that way, if you scuffle with him, and slap him up a bit. He has an immense appetite… and for more than just food, as you can see… he eats a lot, like all the time.

You will always see him holding a brown bag, snacking on munchies; looking for his next girl. To feed that appetite… and if you tell him, and what his dose to you will funk you all the marking periods, and mark your light every day! He has you by the ass!

I drift off into a slight daydream standing there, and I recall

my freshman year standing alone in the shower nude, wet, and soapy. I was the last one out of the guy room, I was running least as usual and the last one to shower. He walks up behind me and puts his arms around my west. He said you look good naked.

However, there is something you must do. What's that I asked? He looked down at me and pointed. I had pubic hair, and he said that took away from my sensual beauty. He plants a kiss on the cheek, and then my lips. Saying you have such beautiful breasts.

He plays with them… I could feel my nipples lengthen under his whispering beneath, saying I was going to take care of you. I was never so turned off yet turned on at the same time.

Disposable razor in his hand he rubs and combs his fingers through my thick hair down there. He moans as he begins shivering it off, and I see all the stands fall to the floor. Without even asking me first. I think you missed a spot I said, and gently tugs on what is leftover. He said that how you should

do it, never have any more than that, girls should have good hygiene.

That surprised me, that he ran, that razor over my sensitive private skin... leaving a line of short hair, from my underwear line down to my pink opening, saying that's the way I like it. Looks much better... yes? He said... I said yes.

But- but I feel so dirty! He sniggers, saying, Karly, you look so sexy now!

Mr. Davis! I spoke. (Taken back) He 'Shushes' me! With a

mischievous smile, saying don’t be afraid Karly, I know you’re not a virgin… I am just showing you what to do, for your pleasure, and I’m just coaching you! So- you know what a man wants, and what a man like me wants is to feel the inside of you! I want you, Karly!

Mr. Davis slowly and effortlessly puts a finger inside me. He said- oh so tight! I struggle and twist determined to back him off me. He doesn’t move, and pushes it further in me, even though I am using all my

might pushing his big body of mine. All at the same time, he was tugging… gently sucks on my nipples. Saying-

Mu-mmm! (‘Send My Love (To Your New Lover)) was playing in the background.’

He runs his hands up and down my hips then bump’s me forward pressing his mouth against my p*ssy. My eyes closed… tightly! I was panting!

This was wired and eristic all at the same time. He smacks my butt cheek till it cracked a loud and hard sound that echoed within the vast

room. Squeezing and pulling apart my now rosy ass with both hands. And yes- I started to cry! His fingers gently started caressing my pulsing clitoris as he was pulling the skin up that covers it exposing it to the air, and his gentle touch. As my backside is now pinned to the cold wet shower wall.

I was shaking and emotionless at this point. However, there was nowhere to run… I was corned by him from the start, at that moment his face down there. Is it wrong if it feels so

good? I have never been so freaking out in all my life.

That was the first time an older man went down on me. What's sick about the whole thing is that he was good at it. Spreading the moisture around and working his kisses down to my anus opening rimming me ever so softly, as he pulled me to the floor holding my legs up in the air and my back against the wall. He pressed agent me the hardest when he knew, I was nearing my O-ing sighing release. He said- I was the youngest he- his finger

freaked and sucked. That I was the best one yet! That I was- ‘so cute and tasty!’

The only way I got through it was thinking he was Ray! I never told anyone because I think I like it, and that would be wrong for me to… I’m not a hypocrite.

I think a lot of girls, he has played with feelings as I do. Or maybe they're just frightened. I knew he wanted more when he unzipped, and it was ready for me, he put my hand on it. I recognized what he wanted, so I did it with my hand in a fast rhythm. I shook

back to his moaning matching my hand stocking, it was fast and hard.

I felt the heat of him ejaculating suddenly, with all of it spurt out at me all over my face, shooting in my one eye, running down my lips and chest.

I remember him saying how's that taste? I said sheepishly- it's good! Even though it wasn't, it was slimy and salty. He's not half the man Ray is! And as fast as that… it was all over.

As he left me to get up. I was running the least for my next class, as

the next class ball rang out. I was cleaning up. He said hurry up… get dressed darling. I'll write you a light pass. As he moved swiftly to his office. With it still hanging out… looking like a dead baby bird. You can't be gone too long now… harry it up! When the walls back I was at my locker, he handed me the pass, and I was putting on my top. He said- don't say anything to anyone about this, and you'll have an 'A' for the whole year! If you do say something, and you rat me out… I'll find you.

And I’ll stretch you out so hard, that you’ll think you got freaked by a train. You’ll wish that you were dead.

Like I had to do with you one girlfriend, that can’t shut up. Sia’s ‘Cheap Thrills’ was playing in my mind, over and over again, followed by ‘Salted Wound.’ That was a movie that I and the girls said could have had more lovemaking in, like ‘Sausage Party’ was more thrilling to my girlie parts… (yet now I want to suck on some Winnie's’ said Jenny Ha!… the girls bust out. So-degrading to women crap. Finding

Dory- was okay- but Crash should have had a movie too, said Liv. ‘Mike and Dave’- got sluts… cool that’s what all we girls are today- so! It flopped like a limp d*ick- said, Jenny. Movie nights on Saturdays… fun- fun. ‘I love Life of Pets- said Maddie- um- us too.’

I went to the art class traumatized, with a razor itch. I looked at Jenny, and she was pissed, after that day Jenny had stood in for me any time when he was coming for me all horned up. She took the bow in my place. Which is one more reason why I have to

put up with her crap? She didn't want me to have to go through that, or maybe she just wanted it. Either way that was okay with me. I only wanted what I could have… the way I wanted.

The flashback ends, as I hear that same bell that reminds me of all of that…

~*~

Present time-

'One minute after the bell,' Maddie says, sharply. Hey sexy girlie- to Liv, and Maddie puts her arm

through hers, they pick one another on the lips. Jenny said to get a room… they both just giggle. I side with Jenny- I think he heard you back there doing that you know. Jenny yeah well, I don't give a crap, he'll get me from the backside later on.

Wow- I said… walking down the hall some- 'Happy Friday girls,' Jenny squeaks out! We all just look at her wondering why the hell she's so freaking happy, that was uninstalled for her.

(Little did I know… she had plans for the letter that night, involving me and my lover boy.)

Maddie takes out her cell phone and takes a selfie of all of us, making silly faces. Beforehand she was looking into the screen to pick her teen with pink nails.

(If I knew that it was going to be my last snapshot of all of us together, I would have to keep my fingers down from my lips, and my tongue in my mouth! You know the pose tongue out between two fingers.

Yeah- you know it… I looked good! NOT!)

‘This photo sucks,’ Jenny says, without looking at it. ‘Totally,’ I say it’s not even a good boob shot. Fridays are the toughest in some ways: you’re so close to freedom yet have to get down on your knees and beg them for mercy.

‘Kill me now.’

(I said- Not thinking in less than eight hours I would be dead.) Jenny grips my face and kisses me. (I have been kissed by death by the lips of a teenage girl!)

‘No way.’

Jenny embraces my arm. We were all arm chinned together ‘Oh no! I can’t let my bestie die without freaking her virgin lover boy Ray. It’s about time you get down on your knees or spread them, for someone you want to be with!’ I said to Jenny it is all about sex with you, isn’t it? And she said yep- what else is there? You’re a freak- I said… and she whispers back in my ear- you know it, baby! Blonde has more fun you know! (Licking her lips) Maddie said nah, I have just as much fun as you

do… plus this way I am smarter. I said, come on let’s get to our classes!

(#-Hashtag: blond bombshell, not all-natural hair and colors, and who’s your daddy?)

Maddie’s- I have been keeping her a secret, just like Jenny keeps Karly’s secret, and Karly keeps her secrets. All of us girls have a dirty little secret, which no one will ever know about. No one ever found out what was happening inside me. Like what was happening to her, it happened to all of us. Just like me not showing the world

that I love her. It still pains me as it did with her, and it's eating away at all of us slowly.

Liv- I remember Karly telling me about him coming on to her. And from that point on I made sure he thought she was gay like me and Maddie. He has made a pass at me, yet he knows that he is not getting me to do anything like she had to do.

Sometimes, Karly is so meek and global! She got used and there was no need in it if she would have stood up for herself. Nonetheless, look who's

talking… I am so much like her. I never stood up for what I wanted or did want either. Yet all of us girls have been licked by that man. The sick twisted bastard. And no one believes it happening! Because he is so well-liked by the school staff and respected.

(The girl’s internal thoughts walking to class.)

Maddie- Why are people so harsh? What did I or she ever do to them?

Why can’t they understand me or her?

God’s it is getting hot in here.

I’m so bloated, at least I’m not pregnant!

Jenny must be on her period; she tries so hard not to be a b*tch!

Hum- I need some chocolate!

Does she still love me?

I feel like crying!

Liv’s thoughts- I didn't sleep last night.

All night long I was wide awake.

Thinking! Secrets, secrets, secrets!

I am sick of keeping Maddie and me a secret!

This is my fault, mine? Now, look at what I did!

Where could we go to not be seen?

Would I be a good mommy?

I’m so horny!

Karly’s thoughts- I'm scared!

Afraid of all of you!

And of them, and that man over there!

I am scared of who I am!

I must be with him, tonight!

I would never bleach my hair!

I have a paper I need to write.

Why should, I keep these secrets!

It’s cold in this hallway!

I have to pee!

Jenny- I remember my freshman year and asking Ray out, and he said no to me. To me!

Like no one has ever passed me up!

I typed- If you have the chance in the future, will you and I ever go out? I know you do have someone now, but I would like to have a yes or no answer. You don't have to answer this right away… think about what you want and get back to me okay thanks.

Ray- three moments pass, and I get- No!

With- It’s never- ever going to happen! I like someone else!

Jenny- We were friends on Facebook and our friendship was short-lived, I confirmed his request… and he unfriended me? The same day- What happened? He deleted me; no, the boy has ever done that to me. I must have him as my boyfriend, he is the first one to ever say no to me. He said her I don't remember sending you a request! Sure… to be truthful I am kind of disappointed in him, I was thinking finally we can at least be friends.

Why doesn’t he want me?

Why does he like her more?

(Facebook chat)

He typed - No we can't be friends.

I, asked- why not?

He typed - Because I don't want to.

I typed - That’s mean… What did I ever do to you?

He typed - I tried to be nice to you but you took it too far, and I feel a

little uncomfortable around you. I'm not trying to be mean.

I- was- thinking uncomfortable? Uncomfortable because you don’t like me? Or uncomfortable because you can control yourself around me because you like me that much?

I typed - I am sorry I never meant to do anything to you.

Yes, I like you, and I know you’re with Karly, I was hoping for someday...

Maybe we could go to a movie or something like that? I’m not a bad person… you no!

You have to give people a chance. And if you’re judging me, I have changed a lot.

Is asking you out so wrong? Why, do I make you so uncomfortable?

His typed- I am very happy with Karly, and I see her in my future, so I wish you could respect that. I don't understand why… you think it’s okay for me to give you a chance when I

have a girlfriend. I'm not like that, and I think that's very wrong.

I typed - My god you are not married to her. You need to stop listening to your friends so much... What are you so scared of?

He typed- I was scared to fall in love with someone like you!

I said- It will happen! You will fall for me!

~*~

Jenny’s thoughts walking to class- I’m going to get what I want… And none of you b*tches know!

I’ll get you!

I’ll have to sit in class like this.

I hope you don’t mind blood Mr. D

I have to change this tampon out…

The gym is my only ‘A,’ I wish they were all that easy for me.

Karly small good, I wonder what she is wearing?

Does anyone have a tampon?

Do people still use pads?

These… underwear cost me $30!

I WISH I WAS A GUY!

(So. me being on my period feels like you getting- kicked in the balls for a week, non-stop, like that love a sick feeling or you have to squeeze something out of yah, consent churning inside.)

Chapter: 55

Admiration

Karly- My first two periods- Art and American History has always been my best subject- I get only five roses I was told at the end of the day so far. I'm not that stressed about it, although it does kind of piss me off that Eliza gets four roses from her boyfriend, Chris. It didn't even arise to me to ask Ray Raymond to do that, and in a way- I don't think it's fair. It makes people think you've got more friends than you do. I guess I'm more honest than that?

As soon as I make it to Spanish, Mr. Pierce announces a pop quiz. This is an immense problem since one, I did understand a word of my homework in four weeks.

(Okay, so I came to a standstill trying to get it… after week one.)

And two Mr. Pierce is kind of a d*ick to me. Always threatening to take my phone away and making me stay long after school sometimes. I have a failing grade, yet I don’t care. It's not like I am going to do anything with my life anyways after I get out. I haven’t

been accepted to school yet. Because the stiff here don’t know how to get you into a place.

He said, that he is going to make sure I don’t graduate, I’m not sure whether he’s being serious or whether he’s just trying to keep me in line for next year when I become a-senior, but there is no way I’m letting some d*ick headteacher ruined my chances of getting into Pitt/IUP. Just two be able to count to ten in Spanish.

I want to go to Pitt or there- I don’t know yet- (you know the big gay

building) too if I can get Jenny to get it for me as she did with the other girls. Like always she has the pull. Yeah- it's not like I could even have enough money to go to a crummy community college either.

Mom and Dad are kicking me out regardless of what I do with my life when I turn eighteen. They say… I have to make it on my own just like they did there, not handing- me a dime or anytime soon.

They don't care if I end up on the street, will maybe daddy a little

more than mom, but I think you get it. Ray plans on going to Pitt. That is the only reason I want to go. I guess I have to kiss Jenny's ass hole till the day I die!

(Ha, that's amusing… I did die and I was lying in a pool of bold on the street.

It's funny how your hopes and dreams seem to work out!)

Even worse, I'm sitting next to Liken Lorre, possibly the only girl in the class more clueless about this stuff than I am. She is even more clueless

about everything than Jenny seems to be about life itself.

My grades have been pretty good in chem. this year. I like how sexy, I feel in that white lab jacket and mixing different things, with my lab partner Maggie. I was the only one to say ‘okay,’ I’ll work with her. If I get into Pitt, I would maybe like to major in that, yet my straight A–average can be summarized in one word: Maggie. If she would be doing all my work for me, I would have never gotten this far, in any of my classes. I most likely would

have dropped out and had a baby or two.

I would say we're friends, but in a way where we are without anyone knowing about it. I like the girl. What can I say? She is smart, funny, nice, and even cute. I have even spent time at her house.

I have learned so much from her, as I showed her how to attract a significant other.

And what is surprising is that she has a crush on Maddie. When Maddie isn’t all that nice to her. She

likes a boy named Greg too but she doesn’t stand a chance, with either. Her first kiss was with me. That happened the night I slept over, and she and I had a plow fight after she changed out of all her clothing into her hoodie- footie PJs. And I sleep with her in her cozy single bed, the same way I do at home. She did mind, I am not much of a Pj’s type of girl. Oh- and the kiss was more showing her what she needs to do… I think she kind of sneaked it on me. But I didn’t mind, we were in her room and no one could see us.

She felt safe with me, I guess…

(I do know that she misses me.)

Greg’s skinnier than most and his breath always smells like spearmint gum. But Madilyn lets me copy her homework and even inched her desk nearer to mine on test days, so I can peek over at her answers without being too apparent.

~*~

Unfortunately, since I stop before Smith class I didn’t get to pee or to check in with Maggie- we always

meet in the bathroom before the fourth period, yet for some dumb ass reason or days and class periods rotate from week to week and day today, and it can be confusing just knowing where you need to be. I didn't know where I needed to be… anyways fourth I go to the bathroom just to see if we can hang out since she has Math thread at the same time I have, English- she is in the next class over. And we leave at the same time to go in. Yet today I got to Chem., and I arrived too late to get my usual seat next to her. I was stuck

looking at a Bunsen burner and weirdo Marcel Vogel.

(He is always sniffing things… like me or like his armpits. And touching his junk, always making sure I see it popping up under there!)

I swear if he touches my arm or anything else on me one more time, I will scream so loud that all the glass test tubes will break to my shriek!

This is just my luck for the day.

There are four questions on Mr. Smith's quiz, and I don’t know

enough to even fake the first answer. Why do they have to belong to an essay question? Next to me, is Liv and she still thinks she’s knocked up, so I drought anything on her paper is worth looking at, yet that moronic look on her face is interning. She, like- her tongue poking out between her teeth, off to the one side of her head and hair, and one of her one finger tearing up her scalp under her lacy headband.

Eyes looking far-out staring blankly at the block wall!

(I bet- she was thinking about her girl! I think some of her brain cells die, every time she does think about Maddie.)

She always does that when she thinks too hard. Her first answers are complete crap-olla, actually: that so not like her, Liv's answers are mostly well-ordered and unhurried, not hysterically scribbled like mine, when you don't know what the hell you're talking about, and are eagerly scrawling all these words so your teacher won't notice, just how dumb you are.

(Yes- it was in cursive- the style of writing, which I never use unless I am hiding my stupid or showing my love!)

(Of course: I know that never works, but I have to put down something, so I don't look Sped that has to get the ads to spell everything for them!)

Then, I remember that Mr. Smith lectured Liv about improving her grade last week. Maybe she's been studying extra hard, not to fail, or maybe he told her he would call home

or something like that back in elementary. Whatever it is she looks freaked out just like me, and most of the class! These questions don't need to be this hard, I mainly come on!

I peeked over Liv's shoulder and copied down three of her answers- there not that good, but good enough to be at the same Liv she is- when Mr. Smith calls out, 'Fiiiiivvvveee minutes kid-d-ie's.' He says it intensely, sounding demonic talking so stridently it makes the loose skin under his chin jiggle.

It looks like Liv finished and checked her work and said- skew it under her breath. But she's taking it up to him, so I can’t see the fourth answer. ‘Freaking-A’ I said out loud. And everyone gives me that look. As I snapped my pencil in my fisted right hand out of frustration.

He said, ‘Is there something wrong missy.’ Mr. Smith, he roars, glaring at me.

‘Are you talking during my quiz?’

I turn bright red and look back and forth from me to the teacher, licking my lips. I don’t say anything. I just shook my head- no. liv looks up and says, ‘I was just-’ she says faintly. He said, trying to ask you for anger. She looked petrified at me and back at him.

‘Enough of all the chatter.’

He stands up, glowering so hard his mouth looks like it’s going to dissolve into his neck. I think he’s going to say something more to Liv because he’s giving her a death stink eye.

But instead, he just says, ‘Time is nearing down, everybody.’ And got up and didn’t even look the test over and handed it to him. He said I can wait to read over this… he said sarcastically! I knew I was F-ed! I went and sat back down seeing the hand on the clock tick-tock down.

‘Two miiinnnuuutes and thirrrrty onnneee secondssss,’ Samantha- and I leaned over and stabbed her arm with my pencil tip. She looks up ouch! She said an alarm to me. Sam- I haven’t talked to her in ages and

for a second… I see a look come over her face that I can't quite classify. Blue ink pen, in her mouth, sucking on the back end.

She looks mixed up as she glances up at Liv, who is thankfully bent over the desk picking up her textbooks. And not completely at me, the books weren't allowed on the deck while taking the test, so we all had them on the floor at our feet.

(Liv does have a nice ass! I knew what Sam was looking at! Or maybe it was just that greasy spot.

Either way, she was looking at her perfectly rounded butt.)

‘What?’ Sam whispers. With her gothic black hair falling over her brown eyes.

Karly- ‘Um- ah- how do you think you did?’

Sam- ‘Okay, it wasn’t that hard.’

Karly- ‘Why?’

She’s staring at me dumbly and then makes some gestures with her pen shaking in a jerking up and down in her

finger curled up hand in a shaking motion, trying to communicate to me that she runs out of ink.

So, I said- I think I have one in my purse, let me see. A couple of seconds go by and I feel like reaching out and shaking my whole handbag out because it’s taking too long.

All my tampons, lipstick, used clean-x, and my make-up is dumped out and rolls off my desk on the floor, and Marcel picks all the tampons up for me, saying jess-z that’s a lot, Karly.

Also, said- yeah try being a girl! He wants me to explain… yet I didn't. Sam stops looking at me when I do that. I handed her the nicest pin I have; it has that pink puff at the top. I knew that she wouldn't put that in her mouth. She said- thanks… it's very pretty and pink, but you didn't need to do that. I said I wanted to.

'Ooonneee minnnuttt everrrryoneee I-um donneee.' Finally, her face frees up and she smiles so angelically at me as I give her the great gift in the world.

‘Seriously,’ she says, ‘you’re going to need a pen. For notes and stuff.’

(#- Hashtag: it’s wet, pretty, and pink, and what makes you cry)

(I guess she is not so different from me after all? She seems to be a sweetheart. The girls always said to not waste my time talking to dorky emo kids like her, saying she was kind of slow and unfriendly and terrifying looking.

(No that is so untrue! Underneath all the black, red, and

white, she is an ordinary girl, the black her the covers her one eyes are just deference, take all that, away she would look she’s just like us, she is covering up, so she is not going to get hurt by someone like me. Plus, she is far more intelligent than I or the girls ever hope to be. I wish I would have befriended her a lot sooner!)

While Liv is bent over rummaging for her folders and right notebook for her next class, I see the final answer on the chunks test. Actually, what I put was rather close to

what he misspelled and wrote down, and then he whispered and got my attention. And said thanks for sitting by me today, you have been a help. I was speechless… to his hitting on me! ‘Third Ttttyyyy seconnndss nooww.’

Everyone- said something like- here take it, as they got up pissed to hand their test to him. So, I took her old one from her and the one end is chewed and wet: gross.

(Yet I felt I had a new girlfriend.)

I gave her a snug lipid smile and looked away, but a second or two later she whispers, ‘Does it work for you?’ I said- no, but that’s okay you keep that one, I have more somewhere in my locker.

I give Marcel, that you're starting to be the annoying look. I guess he takes it as a sign of flirting, he did understand. ‘The Pen. Does it work,’ he said? I don’t respond- he whispers a little louder and taps my hand with his delicately. That’s when I slam my textbook against his desk. The

sound is so loud everyone jumps. I said- Marcel, can’t you get it through your head, please leave me alone, I am not into you. Okay! You’re making me feel unbearable... I have a boyfriend!

Karly stopped me as I walked out the door. He said- ‘You failed my test today for talking too much to others and speaking inappropriately to your classmates! You need to learn that you are not the boss in my classroom.’ I smiled tightly and dropped Sam’s champed-up pen in my bag. Will he grin, his voice in my ear?

I said- you done, I have to get to my next class, as I ran out.

Of course; I carried walking through the hallway to my next class with a slobber mood coming over me. Yet he will never see me cry, he would feel that he was winning! On the bright side: my daddy continuously says you should do one good thing a day. And something good will come back to you in time. So, I guess that means I did mine for the day. You always get what you- devise! Daddy is a very smart man.

Next period today I have ‘PE’ which is what they call a gym when you’re old enough to be affronted by forced physical activity (Liv thinks they should call it on needed life skills instead, for accuracy). We’re studying CPR, which means we get to make out with a life-sized dummy in front of Mr. Davis just more proof of his perv-E-ness.

I am sure that it’s been in her mouth too! I can almost taste it- gross! After that the girls all got ready for the dance, school class ended early, too

bad I still had to go to his class. All the girls wear rhinestone masks, our costumes dress doesn't make sense in the context of the day in my mind, yet that's the whole point I guess to look mysterious to your boy on the dark dance floor.

So, you can be free and crazy! I was wearing a small pink eye mask covered in what looked like red rubies, so no one would know I was dancing with him, but him. The whole point is to show off in front of the junior and senior boys and look sexy. I don't blame

them for getting turned on. We want them too.

Freshman year Jenny dated Nick Sermon- a senior at the time- they were together all of the eighth-grade years too on and off. Anyways for two months after he integrated them doing the nasty, in every position you could think of…

Why?

Because, she broke it off that night after they did it, saying it sucked, and not in a good way.

(If you're going to have any type of sex, and don't want others to see it, don't take the photos on your cell, and then send them to a boy to upload the pictures to the internet!) That's a real love story right there, they were so in love… yet Jenny is never happy! Jenny told me at the time the only reason she ended it with him was that she had her eye on someone else.

She was petrified of how stern he was over her, she never said but I knew that she felt more like his daughter than his lover. Other guys

were not even supposed to look at her or anything, or he would beat the crap out of them. I feel bad for all the boys that she leads that lost their teeth! Oh yeah- Jenny thought this new boy was going to be a sure thing. Yet, it did work out. No- she never told me who he was… I wonder myself?

~*~

I made a big deal of unfolding the tiny card to get a rose at the end of the day on the dance floor. It's from Ray, I felt the spotlight was on me when the girl named Jace woke up to

me and handed it to me, she was passing them out. I read the note that looked to have been already opened, even though all he's written. It said, 'Luv yah,' and then in smaller letters near the bottom: I'll be with you tonight.

'Luv yah' isn't exactly 'I love you' which we've never said aloud in front of anyone- but it's getting closer. I'm pretty sure he's saving it for tonight, we are going to do it. Last week it was late, and we were sitting on his couch and he was staring at me

and I was sure certain- he was going to say it- but instead he just said I look like Alyson Hannigan from a certain angle.

I said- oh the girl from the 'American Pie' movies? Um- thank you, I guess she's kind of cute? So, I said the famous line: 'This one time, at band camp, I stuck a flute in my p*ssy.' He busted out laughing and that's when he said it: Oh my god I so love you right now! You know what I think you're cute! He said knowing you-you would do that too! I said- 'ah' in a gasp, and

smacked his arm, and looked at him massively with my flirty eyes. I could not believe it… though he can be shy, I have a way of making him feel relaxed.

Yet, I just want to hear the words ‘I LOVE YOU’ And nothing else. And just like her, I was thinking in my mind ‘So, are we going to screw up soon because I'm getting kind of antsy.’ And as you know it just did happen. And after he left that night at around 3 am, and I was disappointed, just like her it was just me and my good friend Mr. Shower-head in the bathtub.

At least my note is better than the one Alexis got from Seth Shorts last year: ‘Roses are red, violets are blue, if I get you in bed, and I’ll cover you in my *goo*.’ She thought he was kidding- no not really… but still, Blue and goo do that even rhyme.

‘Is Goo even a word?’

No- didn’t think so… We all remember her look on her face the weekend after, she was in his bed a lot, and she looked so tired that Monday morning. We just knew. I don’t know… I kind of find it funny and suck what he

said. Yet he tried, and that's all that matters, right?

Tip- to all you boys out there, make the note about something other than wanting to get her in your bed or pants. That's not romantic if anything that would put her out of the mood. Just saying! You got to be sweet to her, and care about more than just her vagina.!

(If all you have is just sex where is the love that you need?)

(#-Hashtag- movie night look-alike, under the spray, and bubble bath)

~*~

I think that's going to be all of my love-o-grams, but then the girl makes her rounds and then comes over to me and hands me another one. It is now the end of the day and I see these 12 all-color roses are all different colors and this one's pretty incredible they were sent from the flower shop in town: white with pink-streaked petals like it's made out of ribbon candy. Alone with the 1 red that means so much to me. 'It's beautiful,' I was breathless. I look up, and all the other girls in my

homeroom are just standing there drilling, staring at the roses lying on my desk.

Gracie said- My God girl, someone loves you! She said it with a bratty attitude! I said- Um- yeah, I no. It’s pretty shocking for a lowerclassman to even have the balls to speak to a senior about who loves you. It annoyed me for a second. I just looked off… and took in my moment with my bundle. But in the back of my mind, I was thinking, I don’t ask you who loves you, do I? Like just how

envious can she and the others be of me? She has her hair so pale blond at the tips that it’s almost white and brown at the top which was so last year. And I can see individual veins through her skin and sun markings from getting fried.

She reminds me of someone, but I can’t think of whom. I catch her looking at me and she gives me a quickie glance, with that embarrassed smile. I’m happy to see some girls' color rush into her face- at least it makes her look less like a cold-blooded

freshman zombie, that sucks into boys' lives that they shouldn’t be in.

All these b*tches need to stand the freak back and mind their crap… seriously! You can’t have him; he’s mine… MINE! I was thinking! So-o in love, I thrilled like a drunk ballerina around with the bunches in my arms. I brush my finger over the rose petals- they’re so soft. Instantly I feel stupid, as I sniff them with my eyes closed.

I open the one-note, expecting all these from Ray or Maddie or Liv… No, it was from Jenny, it said (I will

always love you… to death, my b*tch- my baby girl! A flower for every hour of love I have for you till death do us all apart! You will always remain in my heart like the red rubbers and red blood you'll drip, like a memory you and he will be just like a kiss on your lips, your fate has been sealed!

(You have made your choices.)

(I was so dumb at the time I didn't get it.)

Underneath all the flowers on my desk was a cartoon drawing card that said: I love you. It's obviously from

Parker Paterson- he draws my cute cartoons for me to be with him, they show his puppy love for me, so I gave him one of my senior pics, last week just because, and I think he’s in love with me now. I look up and glance in his direction and flirt. He always sits in the back-left corner of the room staring at my butt trying to see if he can see my thong sting, and down my crack, or something like that. He is one weird boy, not the one I want.

Yet, he is sweet to me so I'll play nice, and let him dream about me

at night and beat off to me and my pic like all the others do when I tease them like that.

Yes- I have been the tribute girl to many of the boy's urges. He- he! Every boy and even some gay girls in the school wants my Snapchat, for my sensual but naked pics. But just like me and my cell number, it's hard to get. I like to say my number has 2,433, in the end, you'll have to figure out the rest.

Funny, many of the boys have tried to crack my number. I love getting

random texts at 3 am. Along with your junk pic, it’s the highlight of my day.

Not really… but send away I’m not going to stop you… silly boys. Sure enough, he’s watching me from behind. I look back and he gives me a quick smile and a wave, then makes that motion with his arm trying to cover up what he was doing as he sits back, I knew what he was doing, about that time is when he blew me a kiss too, that I caught with my left hand to save for letter, I was grossed out by it shooting

out at me underthings his desk, why do boys have to do that?

That doesn't turn me on! I guess if I had one, I would play with it too in class ha- ha.

Anyway, I take his drawing and crumble it up, and I know that it will get lost at the bottom of my bag and that's just okay with me. I don't think he minds what I do with his drawings.

Oh, My God, I remember when I was about five, and I asked dad what happen to me, I thought I was one of the boys… because I saw my little

cousin changing when he stayed over for Christmas in my room, and he let it all hang out, plus when he was asleep in my bunk bed too, I got a glimpse. Anyways I asked dad and he said that I played around with mine so much it falls off, that's why I have a hole there and not one of those.

Hells yeah, I was pissed! That messed me up for many a year! Like, come on dad just 'tell me the truth about me being a girl, not a boy. I was freaked out by that for sure, as I wanted it back and even cried about it.

I did want to touch myself for a long time after that. Just like he said- if I push in or jiggle around my little button as he called it… I would die.

Thanks, daddy you made me sexily insecure! And just like any nine-year-old girl at the time, I had to push it in to see what would happen in my bedroom, and no I didn’t die!

Dad and I have always seemed to get into weird moments just like that. Just like when he finds out I was popping the pill, and I did them to say

it was okay to get them. Because I was of age to get it myself at the store.

#-Hashtag: (The black hole was not cool, hot for the teacher, and dripping dowers)

~*~

Mr. Pamper comes up and down the passageways, collecting homework, and he pauses at my desk. I have to admit it: he's the reason I'm psyched to get so many other love-o-grams from other boys. I would do so! I might just leave

Ray if he would say let's do it here and now! Mr. Pamper's only twenty-five and he's gorgeous. He's the assistant coach of the swimming team, and it's pretty funny to see him standing there showing off his goods in those short shorts. I see him looking at me when I get in and out of the pool dripping wet and walk past to jump off the diving board. We are complete physical opposites, yet opposites attract.

Mr. Pamper is over five feet ten, always tan, and dresses like we do,

in jeans and hoodies and Nicki sneakers. I would love for him to take me and throw me on top of his desk and jam that all in, mmm he is dazzling! He graduated from here. We looked him up once in the old yearbooks in the library. He was prom king, he had a little more hair then, he was in one picture wearing a blue tux and smiling with his arm around a strawberry blonde prom date. That looked a lot like me.

I love that picture; I wish I was that girl. I bet that was the night she lost her virginity to him. You can just

till they were saving that for that night, by the glowing look on her face. But you know what I love even more? Is that I could pretend to be her if he would want me to. It’s so ironic that he is the hottest guy here and he is one of the faculty.

As usual, when he smiles at me my stomach does a slight flip, and I feel myself getting hot and wet. When I see him running his hand through his messy black hair, and I fantasize about doing the same things with my hand. And his hand going through mine, and

down my back and squeezing my butt cheeks. Why not I can fantasize… right! I think he is kind of what Ray will look like in ten or so years. I am looking forward to Ray becoming more of a man.

There are some things he needs to do to become that.

‘13 roses already?’

He raises his eyebrows, makes a big deal of it, and shows everyone my flowers that I got.

‘Well done he said along with… I knew you would have this many you are a cutie.’

I just smiled with a sigh thinking thank you, you think I am cute? I said- ‘sure honey,’ he says and winks at me.

I let him move a little farther down the aisle before I say, at full volume, ‘I still haven’t gotten my rose from you, Mr. Pamper!’ He doesn’t turn around, but I can see his cheeks get cherry red. There were giggles and

snorts from the class, one girl giggled so hard she started to cry.

I get that rush that comes when you know you’re doing something wrong, yet it feels so good, and are getting away with it, like stealing a pair of sexy undies from Victoria's secret that you can’t afford but have to have, or taking food from the school cafeteria, or getting tipsy at a family holiday, or doing someone in your mom and dad's bed without anyone knowing.

That was the feeling I had; it was almost as good as the sex would be

with him. Jenny says Mr. Pamper's going to for sure get me for sexual harassment one of these days, but I can't help myself. She said- Karly you will be in handcuffs if you keep doing that. And I jokingly say to her if there are cuffs… I would like that; I hope they're pink and fuzzy! She just giggles… and I say- I don't think he would do that; he wants me too badly. I think he secretly likes it. Jenny said- Your crazy babe…!

For example: when he turns around to face the class, he's smiling.

But not at them… he's only looking at me, undressing me- with his eyes, his eyes hardly ever stop staring at me. The other girls know this… but I feel he’s mine too, they try too hard to get his attention, you have to become day go a day, to keep a man like he turned on.

‘After reviewing last week’s results, as I looked over last week’s swimming lap times, I feel like I am not moving forward fast enough in both. Yet at least I am getting the grade I want and winning. I realize there’s still

a lot of confusion about us, and about my limits.'

This is what I did last week, I kissed my test paper with my pink lipstick, and said push me against the wall and kiss me. Yes, I left everything blank! He stared at that paper for like ten minutes, I don't think he wanted to give it back to me. He was pondering if he wanted to or not, I remember he began leaning against his desk, and then he sat down crossing his legs one over the other, a little bit of sweat ran down his face. I knew I had him… I

think this week I'll put my phone number and say sext me!

I can be a dirty girl.

Nobody else could make world history even remotely interesting, I'm sure of it, I feel that I did well. He noted back to me that I could lose my job if I did, I kept this a secret, and he filled out all the answers on the paper for me and said- I passed. I love that man! For the rest of the class, he barely looks at me, and even then, only when I raise my hand.

But I swear that when our eyes do meet, it makes my whole body feel like a massive shiver. I even had to ask to go to the ladies' room to change my undies to my spar pair, it was like I could've ruined them out to dry at the snick, I just put them in my purse and went back to class. I swear he's feeling it too. He was feeling me too just like that!

After his class, Marcel catches up with me in the hall. 'Karly… Karly… Karly…?' he says. 'What did you think?' 'Of what Marcel?' I say annoyed at him.

He’s like a little five-year-old boy. I know he’s talking about the cartoon and the tiny rose. I keep walking faster and faster but he catches up with me. ‘So?’ he says. ‘What did you think?’ ‘Okay with what?’ I say to infuriate him. I said not bad, I just put it with all the rest I said.

(Cramped up in the pit of my handbag.)

Marcel just smiles, briskly he modifications the subject to what I thought he was going to ask. ‘I’m having a party tonight, He said. Are you

coming?' 'It's going to be great,' he says, still smiling. I just said- I'll never be coming for you! Then he spits it out 'Yeah- my parents are gone for the weekend.' I just said-

'Good for you Marcel. But sorry… I've got plans. I've got a boyfriend too, which will kick your ass if you don't start leaving me alone.' He said- 'Oh yeah Karly- Mr. Pamper scares me.' I just walk away giggling shaking my head, saying you have a lot of growing up to do. As I walk down the hallway, I overhear him saying loudly to

frank his buddy, ‘I’m going to marry that girl someday, and God she is so fine, I’m going to do her.’ I was thinking in your dreams little boy… in your dreams.

‘See you there,’ he says. Down the hall I see Ray bobbing out of the cafeteria, and he starts walking faster up to me, hoping that Marcel will get the picture and back off. It’s pretty hopeful thinking on my part. That he would kiss me in front of Marcel, it would make him so pissed, he has had a

crush on me for years, possibly even since our kiss. I would love that.

Yeah, there are about 69 reasons as to why, I can’t stand him, that just being one! I still can't believe he asked me to do that with him at his party. It’s not going to be much of a party it’s just going to be him, Frank, and Paul most likely. If there are any girls there, I’ll be surprised, yes, a total sausage fast. I bet there won’t even be any beer, he just wants me to take his virginity or something like that… for his friends to think he’s cool. No thank

you! He is clingy and engulfed as is now with doing that crap. I'm shocked that he hasn't tried dry humping my leg in the hallway. 'Down boy!'

I knew he was the one that broke into my locker today and got into my handbag and swiped my sheer white tiny undies… that I took off. I loved those too.

He knows… what I do… when I go into the bathroom? Like I need to stop putting my bag in my locker, when I go to lunch, he knows my combo. He will most likely put them under his

pillow tonight and say to his friends that we were together. I look at him.

I’ve never understood Marcel. Or at least I haven’t understood him in years. We were super close when we were little when we were baby, we would play in the mud together as naked- technically suppose he was my best friend as well back then, my little boyfriend that you have when you're too young to realize. It was his first kiss too.

Then as soon as he hit middle school and he grows a d*ick, some boys

like him just wear their balls on their faces. He started getting stranger and stranger.

Since freshman year he's always worn a long black trench coat to school, even though most big holes in his jeans you can see his hairy ass and boxers, not a turn-on! I remember the eighth-grade field trip he sat with me on the school bus, he laid his head down on my boob, and then put his face in my armpit and licked it… so weird.

'I'm not an orange Creamsicle…!' I said that… at the time.

Then the whole way back to the school he was nuzzled up to me. That’s another thing he was like an octopus's, he couldn’t keep his hands off me. That is the price of being cute; I guess and smelling good. Like I would move one hand, and then the other would pop up and be touching me, where I did want him touching me. He wanted to be more than friends- way back then. He even said that he liked me- liked me… but- no.

He was just a friend that was a boy. Yet he didn’t get that. Knowing

him as I do, he most likely will be licking and sniffing the crotch area of my thong undies tonight too, the little weirdo! That boy needs to find himself a frozen flagpole and lick that instead! Like why must I be his fetish?

He wears the same scuffed-up black-and-white checkered s converse sneakers every day and his hair is greasy and long swinging down over his eyes every four seconds. But the real deal-breaker is this: he wears a fedora hat… to school. The worst thing

is that he could be cute. He has the face and the body for it.

He even has dimples, big gorgeous blue eyes, and nice teeth. No- a joke. But he has to screw it up by being such a freak with his group of friends and little boy ways. If he would cut that hair and take a bath it would help. Maybe I should say that to him?

He stopped walking entirely when I met up with Ray, yet I think Marcel was hoping I'll stop and turn back to him. But I don't. For a second, I feel bad like I was too cruel, but then

his voice rings out after me, and I can tell just by the sound of it that he's still creeper smiling and staring at my ass.

'See you tonight,' he said again. I hear the squeak of his sneakers on the dirty red linoleum, and I know he has about-faced around and started marching off in the reverse direction. He starts singing 'You Are So Beautiful,' by Joe Cocker, and I admittedly felt so bad for treating him like that. The sound of it carries back to me, getting fainter. It takes me a while to place the tune, for he was saying out

of tune and off-key. Just like me, I guess he was trying to get by with A little help from his friends. Yet, I was not much of a friend to him there, yet I have to be that way, or he would be on top of me.

He makes me feel a little uncomfortable around him, he always takes it too far. I feel I brush him off as Maddie does with Maggie, we just don’t like them like that, but they won't back off. Yet I think Maddie and she would be a good match.

I know no one else in the hall will get it, I’m so embarrassed and can feel the heat creeping up my neck, and face I was getting hot under my top and color. He’s always doing things like that: acting as he knows me better than anyone else just because we used to play in the sandbox together stark-naked. Acting like nothing that’s happened in the past… like the last ten years has not changed anything, even though it’s changed everything.

We were kids then it didn’t mean anything, even if he thought it did

my God, we were like in diapers then. My phone’s buzzing in my butt pocket was not allowed to have them… I can get away with it. Strangely the vibration today reminded me of the mooring I had shared with my sis. I am backtracking here, but this is when I went into the lunchroom.

A new text message shows on the screen- from Jenny. I open it looking around to see if there are any teachers around. It reads- ‘Party at Marcel's 2-night u in?’ I stall for just a

second, puffing out a long breath before I text back.

‘Nah’

(#-Hashtag- a pantie snatcher, licking and sticking, and hot to not)

~*~

I stand in line for my lunch… Ray has his hand in my front part of my jeans looking for a dollar and touching me obviously, the PDA makes all the girls crazy.

Even if it’s just Ray, he needs to kiss me but with Jenny not too far behind us, so I don’t think so.

There are three acceptable things to eat in the Thomas Jefferson cafeteria:

1. Plain pizza with nasty string cheese.

2. French fries, or a cheese soft pretzel.

3. Turkey sandwich make-your-own, or salad bar.

And an iced tea. No one wants spoiled milk! That's for the bullies to dump down nearly girl's tops, or pain in the ass boys' pants.

Turkey is the most common, ham, or chicken breast. Salami is gross, and roast beef is doubtful when it looks greenish. This is a shame because I would like to have that if it was good, but this crap looks like it has been sitting out for far too long. Ray is leaning over by the cash register with a group of his friends, he jumped the line to be with them and not me… that

pisses me off when he does that. He's holding a huge tray of French fries. He eats them every day with ranch dressing. He catches my eye and gives me a nod, and that looks like you better get your ass back over here… and love me, boy.

(Sometimes, he does not do so well with feelings of his or mine in being all love-ie- dove-ie. Case in point: the 'Love yah' on the note he sent me.)

It's peculiar. Before we were going tactically going out, I liked him so much, and for so long, that every

time he even looked in my direction, I would get this bubbly, fizzing feeling so strong it would make me light-headed. No lie: sometimes, I got light-headed thinking about him and had to sit down, just like my blood sugar would drop. Just like when Maddie met Liv for the first time, she peed her in her undies a little, and her palms get sweaty ha- she was going to kill me for saying that, but she still does that when Maddie looks at her that flirty way.

But, now that we're un-official slash official couple, I sometimes have

the strangest thoughts when I look at him like I wonder if all those fries are obstructing his arteries if he would die, I know I would; or whether he flosses and brushes his teeth as I do or how long it's been since he washed hair… or if he shaved his face with the same riser he used on his balls, or like if the skin on thingy is clean!

Yikes…!

It's pretty much liked that same filthy Old Navy jacket he wears every day, because- I have his letterman. If we get married, I'm going

to have to be like his mamma, yet I guess I'm okay with that? I can see it now at… Ray! Did you remember to put on clean shorts? Did you pay for the TV bill?

Do you think my butt looks big in these jeans? Did you just get me pregnant, because you forgot to wrap it up? Yeah- Sometimes I'm worried there's something wrong with me… no joke!

'Oh, no,' I said, not realizing I was speaking out loud. Mss. Fairbanks, one of the little old lunch ladies, says is

everything, okay honey? She looked at them, because my mouth was hanging open in disbelief, and she said aren't they a cute couple? I just said- 'Ahgg,' like Charlie Brown.

I couldn't even make a word come out! 'My stomach feels as if a dog is chasing its tail in it.' 'You okay,' said Gill the girl behind me as I almost passed out in her arms. 'Jenny was talking to him, and kissed him on the lips… okay, Karly Just thinks before you speak, take all the time you need before freaking out. Oh, God, I think I'm going

to be sick if she touches him again, it's like she is all over him, pressed so tightly.

Who wouldn't want to go out with Ray, maybe she sees what I see in him? Or she is just doing this because she can play with me. If he leaves me for her, I don't know what I would do. Like sometimes I have to keep going over repeatedly in my skull as to why I liked him in the first place like if I don't, I'll somehow forget… why he is so meant for me.

Gratefully there is a zillion-good reasons: to the fact that he has black hair and glass but somehow, they don’t look stupid with them; that he’s quiet but sweet and funny; that everyone knows him, but he’s not over popular that he's- an ass hole, yet not a loser.

Most likely, half of the girls in the school have a crush on him; yet want to admit it because he is not that popular because he’s not the same as the other boys when you get him naked. I love it when he’s really tired, he lays

his head on my shoulder and falls asleep, on movie night. That’s one of my favorite things about him. I like to lie next to him when it’s late, dark, and so quiet, I can hear my heartbeat with him.

It’s times like that when I’m sure that I’m in love, and that he's in love with me too. It's love when you’re that compatible with each other. It's love when you can just wear a nightshirt and nothing else in front of him as he sits in his underwear and nothing else, under a fuzzy blanket on

the sofa in the living room. It's love when you get naked together under that blanket and get unstop of him to cuddle, yet with his mom and dad in the next room, we never had sex.

Not that we have not tried, I loved the time his dad walked in on us and I was on top of him and the blanket was on the floor, he saw more of me than I wanted him to that’s for sure. Nevertheless, I have stayed all night on the weekends in the past, yet could never seem to be alone, not even in his room, he shares with his sis too. Well

not like that! We don't want her to wake up and be freaked out, she's only five. (I could see it now little Hadley saying something like: 'Mommy- daddy Karly and Ray were butt naked, and resealing last night in his single bed.

And it was squeaking, and-and Karly was saying 'Oh- yeah' over and over. I think Ray was hurting her!')

Funny it's the same way at my house too with my sis in my room. Plus, why do all moms and dads have to be so snoopy? They do it… why can't we? I swear we could be in the little red dog

house outside and someone would see us and stop it.

(#-Hashtag- sucking on a six-inch, a bump in the night, and tattle-tells)

~*~

Okay back in line- I ignore Ray as I move down the line to pay for my MTO (Sheetz SUB) and swap my school card- I can play hard to get too- and then head for the senior section. The rest of the cafeteria is a rectangle. Sped kids sit down, at the table closest to the doors coming in, and then there

are the freshman tables, and then the sophomore tables, and then the junior tables. The senior section is at the very head of the cafeteria in one line of tables pushed together.

All the windows are on one side. Okay, so it only looks out over the courtyard and the other part of the school, sometimes- you can look up and see a boy taking a leak in the urinal in the third-floor bathroom, from the right angle. You can also see Sped kids coming in on their short bus from the third fool bathrooms, it’s so sad, they

have to be assessed by teachers because of their danger to themselves and others.

No offense, but I don’t want to see that brigade dribbling applesauce down their mouth in the room with me, everyone thinks they should have their place to be, and yes Madilyn is classed as one of them, she sits there and she doesn’t look to the left or the right, she looks straight down depressed. She must be humiliated; I know I would be if I was her. If I would sit with her, I would be muttered by everyone in the

room, that's just how it goes. Poor little Maggie, I know her sort of well… she doesn’t need to be in that group… she is as smart as they come, I think.

But sometimes you can be so smart that teachers think you’re as dumb as they come!

Liv’s already sitting at a small circular table right by the window: our favorite. ‘Hey, girl.’ I put down my tray. Showing off all the cards and stuff I got from the boys. I forgot to say that on this day, class ends before lunch, it’s a busy day so we picked up our flowers

when we went to homeroom briefly. Liv has her care and her bouquet sitting on the table and I do a quick count. ‘Ten roses.’ I wave to hers and then give my bouquet a rattle. ‘I have to do more than her.’

She makes a cute funny face. ‘One of mine doesn’t count, Marcel sent one to me. Can you believe it? ‘The Jack off Stalker.’ ‘Yeah, well, I got one from Mr. P too, yet that doesn’t count either, because it was sent to me with no name’ I know he sent it to me… it has to be him.

‘He loves you,’ she says, holding out the o. ‘Did you get Jenny's text?’ I hum- ‘Um-hum.’ Who loves me? I asked, the movie the conversation alone.

Said Jenny- Who do you think? I said- I don’t know! Said Jenny- It's an obvious baby girl, that Marcel got the hots for you! ‘He is so right for you! You should do him for a night at the party. That is if you don’t have your mind on someone else. Do you have your mind on someone else? If not, you have to at least have a one-night stand

with him, he’s too hot to pass up.’ ‘You think he’s hot?’ I say- with a grossed outlook on my face.

Jenny- ‘Yah, you need to get over your teacher crush, his balls were cut off when he started working here. If you can’t see all this, you need to be over there with the sped kids.’ I pick the mushy MTO and slam it in my mouth. ‘Are we going to go to his party?’ Liv snuffles and then snorts. ‘Afraid he’ll date rape you?’ I say- ‘Very funny, and yes!’ ‘There’s going to be a beer, Maddie says.

She takes a tiny nibble of her turkey sandwich and spits it into a napkin. ‘This food tastes like old man ass!’ Jenny- Really- Maddie?

Like you know what old man ass tastes like…? She just looks at her with a blank stare, and we all start cackling up.

Jenny- says ‘You’re so gay Mattie!’ Yes- yes- I am, and she winks at Liv! I giggled out loud because Jenny did get it at all. Mattie- ‘So-o will all meet up at my place after school, all right?’

She doesn't have to ask. It's our custom on Fridays… we order something like Chinese food, raid her closet… swapping eye shadows, lip glosses, bars, and undies. blast music till the plaster ceiling cracks more, and dance around, till her mom asks what the hell was doing up there.

~*~

At the table- 'Yeah, sure.' We all agree… I have been watching Ray from the corner of my eye, and suddenly he's there, Scouting down into a chair next to me. Jenny has the

look on her face like she just ate a raw flapping fish and had no choice but gulp it all down! He is leaning into my face, looking at my mouth and touching my right ear, earring, and trawling my hair around his finger. He smells like- Old Spice body spray. He always does. I think he smells a little like my daddy- is that weird, that I kind of like that?

No- I haven't told him that yet. 'Hey, Squirt.'

'Hey- Winkey- dink!' He always calls me that, the reason why… will he find that out the first time he touched

me down there, just like I call him ‘Winkey- dink!’ You know when you touch, before you see, on like the second date and just feel around to see what you’ve got. That’s where the nicknames came from. I knew from that date that he was different from all the other boys. Oh, how I was infected with him every day after… I still am! I wanted to see more of him.

‘I will bite that thing off with my teeth and suck it dry don’t think I won't, um- you need to do this for me and my girls.’

She grabs him hard in the paint...

Um- you know that I am going to cut that thing off of you! Um-hum- he said reluctant- and then she said, and I know how I am going to do it too- it's gross- and looks bad- and you're a little boy over it... I did it using a string and a knife- no- if's and's or but's- Mr.! Said, Karly. Or it can be the laser or hot knife, always I am doing it to you.

Any-who… his said- 'Did you get my Love-o-gram?' I say- 'Yeah I got them and the card too... But…!' I say it

varies bashfully. ‘But- what he said?’ I make sure I say this so everyone at the table can hear. ‘Ray, do you love me?’ Everyone is looking at him and me. He didn’t say a thing he just lends even more into me and kissed me on the lips, like never before. Then said- ‘Does that answer your question?’ I looked at him stunned, and gave a slight nodded yes, he got up from the chair and rushed out of the cafeteria when he saw the look on Jenny’s face along with everyone else, all my other girlfriends were smitten and saying aww! But he seemed embarrassed that I put him on

the spot like that. It was the kiss of the day… maybe of the week too. I think it was talked about more than Liv's and Middies.

Jenny swings her handbag off his shoulder and unzips it, dumping it out. The tamps', lipstick, and pins all roll onto the floor. There are about a dozen crumpled roses in the bottom of her bag, the welted petals are just hung and falling off the stems. I'm assuming one of them is from Ray- and as well that, a half pack of cigarettes falls out too, with a pack of juicy fruit gum, her

cell phone, K and Y lube, and her change of undies. And let’s not forget about the bag of weed, wrapped around her magic bolt, if you know what I am saying.

Maddie and Liv started studying together after they dumped their trays.

‘Who are the roses from?’ I say, teasingly to Jenny. She was waiting for me to ask. ‘They're all from Ray!’ she says, arching his eyebrows like I should know that. ‘I think he’s more in love with me than you baby!’ she whispers.

‘You’re such a b*tch, Jenny,’ Maddie says.

‘I just say oh… really? I don’t think so.’ But in the back of my mind, like- I had to wonder where they all were from him? Jenny is a good liar, but I don’t think she would make something like that up. Before there was a catfight, Liv asked- So-o! Are you going to Marcel’s freaking party tonight, or not?’ There is no reply from any of us.

Ray comes back in. He must have just had to go to the bathroom, it's next to the lunchroom. I ask so Ray, are

you going to the Marcel Party tonight? ‘Yah silly with you!’ I look over at Jenny and she gives me the gangster finger, the one that turned to the side. He said ‘Probably.’ Ray shrugs and suddenly looks bored. Whom are you going to ask Jenny? ‘Not you’ he said! I just laugh… Here’s a secret: when we were kissing, I opened my eyes and saw that his eyes were open. He wasn’t even looking at me.

He was looking over my shoulder, watching the room, and maybe her. It’s like he is trying to make

her jealous of me. ‘He’s getting a keg,’ Maddie says for the second time.

Every Tom, Dick, and Harry here jokes that going to Clinton High prepares you for the overall college experience: you learn where you stand in life, if you work hard or not it doesn’t matter, and you learn to drink, and who are skewing you, or who skewing someone else like your boyfriend. Three years ago, we were ranked in some magazines among the top ten worst public schools in Pa. for drinking, drugs, and good education. It gives us

girls a bad image of being dumb sluts, which were not. I know that my mom and dad can't afford a prep school like

St. Paul's, Maddie and Liv, are the same way they have nothing, yet as for Jenny she went there one year and got kicked out forever for hooking up with a boy in the computer room, or at least that is what I heard.

It's not like there's anything else to do around here, though. We've got malls and basement parties and hooking up and that's about it. Let's face it: that's how most of the country

is now. Just look at all the bums on the streets living in cardboard boxes. My pappy always said that malls and McDonald’s would be the only place to go. That the little guy would get the crap stick. He was so right, he always tells me what it was like, back in the 1950s.

I mean we have so much more than they did, all the same, it seems, like those days people were happier for some reason. I guess if you have too much it makes you discontented? Or maybe people were just happy to be

alive after the war. Jenny thinks the Holocaust never really happened, that it was just all a made-up story.

Yet, she is a German, maybe that's why? They ran off got married in an old house in Maryland, and had the honeymoon in the car they sleep in it all nice and drive back they were so young then, I am surprised but the fact that a baby was not made in that thing, just like at the fold-down seats, that why my dad liked this car and the older dudes.

He said that- ‘The car would rock side to side… like going fast, yappers- and that's what I thought it meant too.’

Which pisses off Maddie who comes of Jewish descent. And pisses me off too because my pap was in that war. He used to say (Smoking with oxygen tubes in his nose.) ‘I remember flying in that airplane with them ass holes coming for me, and bolts blasting past my face. They looked like the devil, coming for your soul, Karly. I never back down! (Inhale nose) Hell, I would

have ripped my prop into his head if I needed to. No, never stopping the gunfire until you killed the S of a B. And if you got one, they would spiral Arrrrrr-nnnnn!

(Inhale nose)

Splat…! Down into the water or hit one of our ships killing hundreds of men. You would never believe the carnage and the smell of the burning oil and dying flesh. I can still hear it and see it in my mind.

(Coughing)

The wounds did more than scare my body, they scare me for life little girl. I lost many of my friends, you just think about that. Most of them fresh outta high school around your age. Karly! You G-D kids need a freaking war so that you're not so damn ignorant and selfish.' Yes- I loved my pappy, rest in peace. He would cuss you out, and then give you a big hug and kiss. All I left of him is his metal thingy and a black and white photograph.

#-Hashtag- (he loves me- he loves me not, make love not war, old-timers)

~*~

‘Ah-em. Excuse me!’ Jenny boots scoots herself over into Rob's lap and clear her throat loudly. Says- just so you’ll know where we're going together tonight. She has her hand tucked down around his butt and her foot is going up and down on his inner leg.

‘I think you’re in my seat, Jenny,’ I say. I am pretending to be a

hard-core badass. Ray and Jenny have always been friends on and off. At least, they've always been since before freshman year, and by requirement have always had to be okay with that. Yet I am not okay with that…

'My apologies, I did now that you were here to suck his d*ick and make his sandwich.' She gets up, and he stands up and makes a big fanfare, like a bow, we all could see that he has a half chub on. He sat down, and I sat down on his lap just like she did.

Yet, my hands weren't on his butt though. Yet I feel that I was not the girl that was turning him on. I knew that he liked her, I just never thought like that. 'See you tonight, Ray!' she yells, and then she walks up to us and bends down, she whispers in his ear. 'Okay then bring your baby girlfriend. So, she can see me sucking you off, and freaking riding you tonight, like she can't- never do!' in addition to that before leaving she snaps my one bra strap. I didn't want too much of it; she loves to joke around.

Nevertheless, I was not liking it at all.

Jenny walks up to a group of her other friends and sits with Lizzie, Randi, and Autumn. I overhear Jenny say ‘Just look at that little promising ring on Morgan Ferguson’s finger. Like- she’s not fooling anyone… all she is promising is that she will be taking it in the butt, uninstalling mirage!’ Morgan is one of the crazed Christians, you know the type too sweet and timed, so brainwashed she thinks boys don’t like girls that have sex with them.

She, like Madilyn, both wanted to be pure, as we all point and giggle. I am betting five dollars tonight that Jenny is going to get Morgan laid tonight at the party, all the girls pull bets on whom the lucky guy is going to be. We have talked about this… My monies on Marcel, mainly so he is not all up on me. Plus, Marcel needs a girlfriend like her.

Yes, we like to poke fun at her and her for being a junior virgin. The height bet for us girls on the guy wins, and he is the one that gets to have sex

with the girl, as we hold her down, legs spared, and airs pined by one of us girls. We try to get the girl drunk, or high to make it easier, and he gets into it when she loosened up. We all switch and snigger if he wants to pull out is up to him.

Madilyn is called a baby killer too by the girls because the boy we set her up with got her pregnant. I think this traumatized her so much she became gay. (There are no words for me to say, on how sorry I am for being a part of this.)

Anyways so far there are about 20 dollars on Marcel, I know for sure he is going to take Morgan's virginity tonight. I asked Maddie and Liv to bet on him. Why? So, I would be left alone. All Marcel needs is a plaything… yes- I could be a matchmaker! I don't want to go to this party, I am sick of seeing this, but to be popular, I guess I have to do what I have to do. I'll try to comfort Morgan after the fact, as I do with Maggie, after all… I went through it too.

I did even know the boy's name, it was so long ago, and it was at my first party. Just like this is Morgan's first party. Just like me, she is New blood. You never stop partying until the police, and that's when you run to the next hot spot in town, like Maddie's basement.

~*~

Back in the lunchroom- Ray leans forward and buries his face in my hair, making his voice soft and quiet. The calm sexy voice he uses makes all of the nerves in my body brighten up

like many fireworks exploiting all at once. ‘Don’t forget. It’s all about you and me tonight.’ ‘I haven’t forgotten,’ I say- hoping my voice sounds sensual and not scared. My palms are sweating and I beg God he doesn’t try to take my hand.

Thankfully, he doesn’t. Instead, he bends down and presses his mouth into mine, and he sticks his tongue in my mouth. We make out for a bit until Jenny looks squeals, I swear she was foaming at the mouth, ‘Not after we

just eat, I could taste the beef sandwich!'

Liv throws a fry in my direction; it hits me on my chest. Said- 'Stop it before I throw up on Maddie, God I'm going to have to hose you two down.' 'Maddie- said when did you two get so- 'kissy-kissy- goo- goo?'' Ray just said, 'You just failed to see us, I'm sick of hiding it.' He was about to say it, to Maddie and Liv, 'I am falling lo…' And then he stopped in mid-sentence, Jenny bounced over and she was back at our table.

What were you saying, Ray?

She asked, oh I was saying that I'm falling in love with her. Maddie and Liv just looked at one another like what hell does that mean? Jenny- 'Ah that's so cute… just save you Love for me.'

(Yapper any way a girl can get blocked I do!) Crap Ray just said you LOVE me! I was thinking grow some balls and stop being so scared! He was looking at me to say that I loved him, but I don't care how long it takes a girl should never say 'I love you' first! 'Bye, ladies,' Ray says, and moseys off, with a

cool strut, and I felt like the school slut, as he walked past everyone with my lip gloss on his lips and jawline, to sit with his guy friends.

Here’s another secret with boys overall:

No boy should ever… ever get up and walk away from his girl, to be with the guys. That’s just a big no-no! It makes a girl feel like you don’t care about her, other than to hit and quit it.

I wipe my mouth on one of Maddie's extra napkins, along with spitting Ray’s gum out of my mouth.

When I thought nobody’s looking since the bottom half of my face is saturated with Ray’s saliva. There was no way I was swallowing that or chewing it! Here’s another secret about Ray: I hate the way he kisses me sometimes.

Yet, when we're alone it's magical when he thinks people are looking, he gets sloppy and tries showing off. If he is trying to impress me and my friends, it’s not working. The first kiss was good enough, I kind of think he was trying to make her envious. He wouldn’t cheat on me…

would he? It makes me wonder if he’s Mr. Right. If he can’t show his love or even say it… without being a douchebag, I don’t know. I am rethinking to us tonight. I don’t know what was making me feel the stomach-churning the food or everything else.

Jenny boogie's back over to her other ho- friends, when Ray walked away from us. Maddie says all my stressing is just insecurity because Ray and I haven’t sealed the deal yet.

Once we do, she's positive I'll feel better, and I'm sure she's right. After all, she's like an expert.

She hooked up Caden March and Scarlett Walker, and Beth Phillida, and Mindy Buck. She said the love you make makes the relationship work out. 'That you have to bang it out for it to work out.' I hope so…? I have always seemed to be able to confide in Maddie's advice. Liv just looked at her and said, how you would know, we haven't in so long. Maddie- 'That's

because you have been playing around with that boy and not me… that’s why.’

Liv- ‘That’s so Jinny leaves us alone you know that hon.’

~*~

I go into a daydream of thoughts: Like- you don't get to elect if you get hurt in this world... nevertheless, you do have some say in who hurts you. I know that I have been a little pink girly p*ssy for far too long, but I thought that was the way of life. I just don’t know what I want to do tonight. I am going to get hurt one way

or the other tonight. It’s either going to be mentally or physically, I have such great choices to pick from, don’t I? Some people don't understand the promises they're making when they make them, is he going to come through tonight? Or should I just back out now? I know what the girls think. I don’t know what I should think.

Do you like someone who can't like you back, why? Because needed love… real love can be endured in a way that unneeded love cannot. Nothing ever happens like you imagine

it will, it like- I'm on a roller coaster that's too wicked, my friend ride with me, and the boys and Jenny are the hills going up and down, yet they're not the ones that want to get off, and blow-chunks, it's me. Sometimes I just want it all to stop. You can love a boy so much… But you can never love a boy as much as you can miss them. And I am missing whom I thought Ray was to me right now. It's like a part of me just dyed at little.

(Little did I know the rest of me was going to be too…) I just hope that

the promise- ‘Just you and me’ will stand as our forever. Like what we say now it's okay, well last always. Shynna aka (Shylo) Woodley you haven’t met her yet, but she is kind of one of us- kind of.

Like she chips into the conversions and joins up with a group when she can, like in the halls she’s Just like a little sis that follows you everywhere, same thing. She said- ‘You need to stop the fear of being terrified of getting left behind, or you will end up by yourself forever.

I said- ‘I feel that I’m only going to be used, and not loved’ She said- ‘Just stop thinking with your head girl.’ She is like the last to join us at lunch every day, Liv can’t stand her. Yet that doesn’t stop her from grabbing all of her fries when she sets down her tray next to her. She makes a halfhearted attempt to swipe her hand away, yet she wants to be popular, so she lets us do whatever. She is our ‘Go-fer’ if we want something, she goes for it, and I mean anything. She slaps her bouquet of roses down next to mine. She has twelve, and I feel a momentary

twinge of jealousy. I guess Liv and Maddie feel- it too because they both say something like- ‘What did you have to do for those?

Shylo as we call her sticks her tongue out, but the look on her face was priceless. She seemed so pleased that we noticed. All of a sudden, Jenny looks at something over her shoulder, from her table, and starts giggling. Just like a psycho killer, she was looking at me, and was twittering on her phone about Shylo- ‘Shylo! Must have been putting out, or giving lots of hand jobs

to get that many flowers!' I read the post out loud, and she said- 'Thanks a lot Kar.'

(She thought those were my words.)

Then, I said- 'I didn't say that… read this.' (I have a bad habit of reading everything out loud.) Shylo said- 'Can't a girl in this school just be liked for her persona, and have boys give her flowers because of that. We're not all sluts like Jenny… you know.' 'I know… I said; you should post that…' Shylo- 'She's not even worth it!' Shylo-

calls her: Jenny ‘Drama’ Stevenson! Oh no! Don’t even think about cutting her name down, as she did with ours- to ‘Jen.’ Oh no- she will punch you in the eye! Just ask Maddie how she got her black eye to freshen the year.

#- Hashtag: (nicknames, table manners, and trash talk)

Chapter: 56

Love is Love

(A drawing of the two- made by one of the girls)

We all turn around. Julie Sherie is carrying hastily into her brown paper bag in her long pale fingers. After she read a tweet from Jenny that says- ‘I saw Julie- fingering Maggie’s bushy hairy p*ssy today in the library during study hall!’ Then there was a follow-up post one minute later, and it read- ‘Oh look now she is smelling her fingers!’

Everyone in the room is laughing and staring at her. Her face is shielded behind a curtain of pale blond hair, shoulders hunched up around her ears. It’s a shame to cover up those

pastel sky-blue eyes, I sure they're bloodshot now.

Madilyn aka (Maddie) keeps her phone in her looker, like the good little girl that she is.

Even so, she has no friend-flowers on Twitter to even know what’s being said. She only has friends on Facebook and that’s her mom and dad, that’s sad. So, yeah- she is in the dark as usual. Everyone in the school has Madilyn blocked so she can’t send a request even if she wanted to, when

you’re the sped kid like her, you’re just blocked out.

For the most part, everyone in the cafeteria glares at her- she’s the definition of unforgettable- the bell rings; Jenney, Maddie, Liv, and shy start making that screeching piercing sound motion with their chairs, and shoes because Julie is walking so slowly. Like she has a stick up her ass. She hasn’t been this upset about science she had a sleepover a couple of years ago for us to come to that we all

bleed out of. (She wanted to sleep with us with the lights on… creepy!)

Walking out I’m not sure if Julie hears us. Like Jenny can always hear us because our voices seem to carry around the room, some say we're too loud. ‘That we all are ear-shattering!’ Julie keeps up that same slow pace across the room, eventually reaching the door that leads out into the hallway. I’m not sure where she is going. I hardly ever see her in the classrooms. Julie has to thrust her shoulder against the door a few times

before it will open, she had to be that slow that it latched! Like she's too fragile to make it work. 'Did she get our love-o-gram?' Maddie says, licking salt off her pink lips from the pretzel she ate.

Maddie nods. 'In the library. I was sitting right behind her.' She was sitting with her… because no one else would. 'Did she say anything?' I asked. 'Does she ever say anything?' Maddie said. Maddie puts one hand across her heart, pretending to be upset.

Saying- she probably did do that. She had her hand under the table most of the time. ‘Then Maddie threw the one rose she got from a boy, named Antony Whiteout in the trash can in the hall. Can you believe it? Right in front of him, me… and everyone!’ I was thinking to give it to me, or at least take it home with you, that boy spent money on that. The boy was broken-hearted, just by the look on his face. Maddie looks up and says: ‘Silly boy… I’m gay… I only like girls! Maybe when you cut that thing off, then we can talk.’ (And she points at it.) He ran like a five-

year-old girl, that just got their candy stolen!

That meant Maddie, I said. Maddie- ‘Will the dork should freaking know!’ ‘Okay… okay.’

I mumbled… I am not one for dumpster diving, but I fished the crud cover, rose out, and read the note attached: ‘I love you!’ Maddie, you get a boy to say that and throw it away? Crap! This day just keeps getting better!

Freshman year Jenny one way or another found out that Julie didn’t get sent a single Love-o-grams.

I guess she is comparing then and now. She has a way of knowing all the school's gossip or starting it.

I put the note back in the can, I see Jenny picking it up. I overhear her saying: I get such a good Idea from her other ho-friends. So, Jenny attached a note on that one rose and duct-taped it on Julie’s locker. Saying- ‘I bet this smells’ better than that nasty p*ssy!

The note said: Maybe next year you'll get some, but probably not.'

Norm Madilyn, I would feel bad, but Juliet deserves her nickname Jull's.

She's a freak in school in the sheets. Rumor has it that she is the one in this video found by her mom and is stark naked straddling daddy on the living room sofa, with it all the way in! Even her little sis Haylee even hates her, she posted the video on her cell to everyone! And that made her even more popular, I still have it in my inbox.

It's just that funny. You can’t see her face, just her backside, and that yellow hair and that pale ass bobbing up and down on daddy.

‘Oh, daddy! Give it to me daddy! Ugh- yah…!

Yah…! Yah!

YAH!!!

She got that nickname because now everyone thinks’ she would smell and taste like an old man’s hairy balls. None of the boys want to kiss that! My tip: ‘Girls don’t ever let anyone see or

know where your mouth or both lips have been if you want to keep guys wanting what you got! Like, come on that’s first-grade stuff!’

Knowing Jenny as I do, she probably said to Haylee get some dart for me on Julie to be one of us. And she knew about her, her dad, and thought that my key to popularity. Maybe that's how Haylee got so popular so fast this year? She went from zero to head powder-pow cheerleader, I would never do that to my sis, even if she was banging daddy. Sis’s should have a

bound of little secrets, that no one should ever- ever know about.

Come to think of it; if Jull's is doing it, and little Haylee knows about it, you can presume she's doing it with him too. I'm just thinking he's one of those kinds of loving daddies. It takes one to know one, right? Isn't popularity just awesome! 'Like- one girl can do something, and that's fine if she's popular. But another girl can do the same very thing, and it gets everyone all hot and bothered if she's not liked by the poplars.'

Once you're headed for something like that, it’s almost impossible to dig yourself out of that whole, yeah you might as well cover yourself over with a dart because your next years are going to be pure hell. As well as payback just gets you heated even more. Even if you take your movie to another school, it will follow you online, that’s a fact.

#- Hashtag: (Keep it clean, loving daddy, every rose comes with a thorn)

There was a thump and a bump in the night, and not the kind of thump and bump you want or want to feel and hear. Honey- hon wake up; I think there is someone in the house! Go and see it! Wha- what? Someone at the foot of the bed! Last year Shy said she saw Julie in the bathroom looking spiced out, stroking her hair over and over and staring at her reflection. She said that Julie never says a word to her, she was taking off her makeup with her slave, and from that day on that year years and this one too, it looks like she

stopped wearing makeup altogether, as far as I know, she gave up on herself.

Jenny hates her. I think Jenny and Julie were in a couple of the same elementary school classes, back then, and for all, I know Jenny has hated her since then. She makes the sign of an ‘L’ with her hand on her forehead for losers whenever Julie’s around.

Maddie holds up her cross on her nickels like Julie might be a fallen angel because she is so white like she might jump at her and give her the kiss of death and suck her blood or

something with those fang-like teeth she has. It was

Jenny found out Jull has peed her bed every night ever since eighth grade, so the rumor that still goes around is that she smells like pee and period blood. Some of the boys that have a metal shop class, describe her as small like iron, or metal when it’s hot.

I’m looking out the window and I watch Jull’s yellow hair flash in the sunlight like its catching fire, and it was… like, she lit herself on fire. We

could hear her dumping what looked like a whole bottle of perfume on herself. And then the fame from the lighter. The pouf it was- engulfed. (I think it was a real seaside attempt. She said it was a joke afterward.)

Madilyn grabs the fire extinguisher and puts her out. Then Jenny says- ‘See I told you that Madilyn was lighting Jull’s fire. That was the only way to get her stink off.’ It looked like something you would see in a Lifetime movie. Madilyn hugs her as

she falls to the ground rolling around in the smoke.

There’s a darkness on the skyline as we look up, like what she and as giggle to it was a slur and a storm is rising. Mag and Jill's are getting wet. It occurs to me for the first time that I’m not exactly sure why Jenny started hating Julie in the first place, she is just as crazy as us to just get a chuckle. I open my mouth to ask her, but my girls have already moved, from the courtyard back into the hallway. Wet hair is never a good look.

Maddie says look ‘a reenactment of the daddy’s girls’ video when she sees- Madilyn on top of Julie on the ground.’ And we girl's giggle.

‘On the inside, I’m terrified and horrified at what I just saw.’ Mr. Slimmer says sarcastically. ‘Clearly, I’ve missed something.’ ‘What’s going on?’ I say- ‘Nothing.’ He looks at us like yeah right and takes Jull’s to the nurse’s office to go to the ER.

Jenny starts crap and we girls take the blame for it. I grab Shy’s another the teacher leaves, when we

were walking down the hand, pulling her back, and she turns to me. And I turn to her. ‘Shyann ‘Shylo’ Baum!’ I said whispering in her ear- ‘She has ruined her life. And Maggie’s too, that was no joke! She is fed up with living like that.’ Shy- ‘I no… but there is nothing we can do but giggle it off.

What can we do? She’ll be okay. Just be glad it’s not you.’

-It’s buzzcut season anyway-

‘She won’t be swimming in the finals tomorrow. And you know she lives for that crap.

It’s her life, and now the team is going to lose.

Shy- ‘Ha at least she is more hairless now!’

Do you remember last year she forgot to take her goggles off after morning practice, and she wore them until thread period?’ then she said as we walk - ‘She probably hangs all of her blue ribbons on a wall in her room over to her crib and teddy bears.’ Then I thought to myself- (Shy- you don’t care about what just happened to her at all!)

Then I thought out loud- ‘I guess Jenny is going to win first tomorrow, she always gets second place next to her.’ Jenny always hated coming in second, even if the event was butt scratching and nose picking. It doesn’t matter, she has to win. Jenny's room is covered with Red ribbons there all over the floor, next to all her unwashed clothes like her skimpy undies. She has the messiest room of any girl I know. But we all know better than to say anything about it when we come over there is like no place to sit down. She has a nerve saying other

people small if anything her room smells putrid. I remember the time I sat on her used condoms from the night before, so gross, they were in her bedsheets!

Maddie and Liv stop in the hall to group up. Shylo- ‘Kar used to do that.

Didn’t you? What’s that I said? With your ribbons hang them in your baby room, for riding and petting horsies.’ I sighed and said- ‘Yes, but Jenny ripped them all down saying to grow up, that boys don’t want little girls in

my room. So, I quit! I have them all in a shoebox, under my bed with all my other baby girl things.'

(I thought to myself I miss all that. Like my walls seem naked, and at least back then I was riding something.) I look at that stuff every night thinking about what I have given up. And how I have changed so much since then and now.

That when I said: 'It's too bad they don't give out the blue ribbon for lying on your back! You all would win!' Shylo elbows me with one raised

eyebrow. Then I walked away… I will always be a baby to them. Just because I am the youngest and newsiest girl they add to the group.

‘Can we get back to the point?’ I wave my hands, partly because I did want to hear the story, again of how I was such a baby girl. Partly to take the attention off me, and the fact that I used to be such a girly-girl dork. When I was in fifth grade, I spent more time with horses than with other humans. ‘I still don’t get why everyone is pissed about me being a dork on the inside.’

Maddie rolls her eyes at me as I belong at the special- Ed table. When I was trying to cover up the long story of how I got popular. They are not getting it, I'm still not getting it for them though, and I sigh. It's like I hear this story every day when Shy walks into homeroom. 'She has been late to homeroom every day this year because she had to park in the lower lot and haul ass to get in here.'

Like just get over it already! I am in the group now! Shylo sometimes acts like, I took her place in the group,

and in a way, I did. We all bust it out at the same time and then start giggling like maniacs, when Shy walks in at the bell, with pit stands and looking like she sprinted a marathon.

Shylo- ‘Shut the freak up! I say- ‘You’re just sore because I am hotter than now.’ ‘Don’t worry, kar-z, I don’t want to be in the baby seat any longer, you can freaking have it, I don’t want to be like you! You’re still such a dork!’ ‘If you guys throw down, I’m putting money on you Kar.’ Said Maddie. ‘Yeah, we’ve got your back,’ says Liv.

Shylo yells and it echoes in the hall ‘Oh like I am afraid of the two-p*ssy sucker!’ Maybe we should get back Liv says in her shy voice that she gets when she’s trying to say something serious. ‘Isn’t it's kind of weird how that stuff happens?

One minute we're all fine and the next we want to kill each other. How everything spirals out from everything else? It is not like Jenny made her give her a spot in the group for me.

Even if she did, I can’t help it! ‘I didn’t steal it. I got it fair and square,’ Jenny protests, three weeks ago, bringing her hand down on the table for importance in the group. And that Shy is losing popularity. I remember this because Maddie’s water flipped over, soaking some fries. This makes us start laughing again. Shylo has been losing her popularity slowly since her sophomore year.

Many because she wants to do her own thing. And don't ask us what we think, we all stick together if she

wants to be like us, she needs to tell us everything.

‘I’m serious we need to go!’ Liv raises her voice to be heard over us.

Maddie- ‘It’s like a web Shylo, you know? Everything’s connected. You keep too many things from us like dating a boy that’s so beneath you and what we think.’ Shylo- ‘Have you been smoking dad’s stash again Liv? Your girl hides stuff from me, it’s not all me!’

(The late bell rings.)

I say- ‘It’s okay girls, I made up some fake hall pass, with Mr. Pamper signature on them.’ I give one to every one of us except Shy. Shy walking down the hall says- ‘Yah go and freak your teacher some more you skank, and let Ray lick it off!’ Good thing all the class doors were closed. The only teacher to look out at us was Mr. P and he just looked and shook his head and waved at us. Then he pointed at me and gave me a sexy little wink. Maddie said- ‘He is- so going to Kar!’ (I just sighed lustily: and said- I no!)

#- Hashtag: (put in like, insta hate, and that b*tch is on fire)

You know Maddie always has to say something colorful. Saying- ‘You know I don’t like her- Shylo, I became a lesbian because of girls, because girls are beautiful, strong, and compassionate. But that girl just sucks in every way, she sucks hard then, I suck on Liv’s pink vagina!’ I look at Maddie and Liv and say- ‘It okay, I would certainly never propose that any lesbian should be ashamed of her sexual preference like she just did.

You’re my true friends and thank you for being there for me. She just wishes she had a love for you to do.’ When they thought no one was looking other than me they kissed me on the lips. ‘People will stare so make it worth their while.’ Liv said after the make-out. ‘Hey- Kar you want to Join in?’ I said-

‘Maybe another time… Maddie.’

Then, Maddie said quickly- ‘I am going to hold you to that, my place for the night, we're all going to all shower together, and users will use the

handheld showerhead on each other, so we all come! What do you say?' I said- 'Um- um okay… sounds like dirty girl fun!' Maddie said with a little girl giggle- 'Don't worry, I'll take control or tell you what to do, and you'll feel so-o good.'

Then, Liv said- 'I'll wash your hair for you and bubble you up with my hands and body wash! It's going to be so much fun to do this with you! You cool with that?' I said- 'Okay… after the party, I'll need some loving, I'll require some stress release.' (I was thinking… I

wish Ray or Mr. P wanted me to come for them that much!) (In my mind I was thinking that just got a little too weird, but I'll try it.)

#- Hashtag: (Pluck and suck, three girls dropping the soap, and that burning itch)

~*~

After the next class ended, I was only there for like five minutes, our gals met up in the hall. 'I'm serious!' Maddie raises her voice to be heard over us. 'Everything's connected.' This is all it takes to get us going. This is a

joke we've had with Shy for the years because she is such a baby about losing her popularity. You pick on me; I'll pick on you! I was picked on in the past. It's nice to do the picking now! Her daddy is a lawyer; Shy says- 'If you keep it up, he is going to get you your asses.'

Jenny- 'Sure in his little monkey suit.' Jenny claims he's secretly a hippie stoner and likes alternative rock. She would know she has been with him like that, or so she says. As we're laughing, doubling over, Shy turns pink. 'You guys never listen to

me,’ she says, but she’s fighting a smile.

Maddie- ‘Shy shut up, and go fix you top you like you have an un-a-boob.’ Shylo- ‘Oh no one’s just bigger than then the other, puberty freaked me! We giggled as we knew. It’s funny looking at the little colorful kiddy band-aid covering her gigantic zit on her face. Then she had to do an add-in. ‘Like I have to pluck hair off my nips too, do you guys do that?

Ugh! We all said! (TMI! Or Gross!)

Shylo could use a day at the spa, just saying, I don’t then she has even been through a full body waxing, it would be good payback. I would pay to see that. Ha! (I could see it now- the girl doing it, we need more max! I need more for this girl's vagina. Lol!)

Nah she’s not that bad, but she needs something! She takes a cramped-up notebook paper and throws it at me. ‘I read once that if a girl that’s made fun so much and has a connection to God, he can give her powers, which can

cause things to happen, like this rainstorm. Freaky!'

'Jenny yeah, well, one of your farts back there did you smell that. Me- 'I think that was a little crap.' Jenny- 'Maybe that could have caused this little blackout in the lunchroom.' We snigger, we all know it was Jenny that let it rip, that's why she got up the first time.

I remember, Maddie, Liv, and I were laughing at something not that funny, and Jenny and Shy kept throwing fries back and forth. I try to

say they’re wasting perfectly good food, there are starving kids in Africa. But Jenny snorted so hard she can barely get the words out; it came out the other end though.

Even Jenny goes crazy at this, and suddenly we’re all trying it. Oh, not the peeing part. Laughing and sneezing and snorting at the same time.

Everybody’s staring at us, but we don’t care. After about a million sneezes I did feel something down there, Jenny leans back in her chair, clutching her stomach and gasping for

breath. ‘Mr. P said there was a major thunderstorm warning for surrounding parts.’ This sets us off again because it was obvious, and Mr. P sometimes acts like us teens when he’s freaking out. He even sits with our time from to time.

I and the girls all decide to cut the seventh period and just hang in the hallways.

Maddie had French, which she can’t stand, and I have I think English, I don’t even know. We cut the seventh period a lot together, it could be Health or something dumb like that. We’re

second-semester seniors, so it’s like we’re expected not to go to class or missing anything.

It’s been the same crap all four years. Plus, I hate my English teacher as I do with them all but Mr. P. My English teacher sucks, she’s always going off on tangents and yelling at us to pay attention.

Sometimes, I’ll zone out for a few minutes, and all of a sudden, she’ll be talking about underwear in the eighteenth and how she can see mine, proving Global warming, and that we

have all evolved in time. Even though she's probably only in her sixties, I'm pretty sure she's losing her freaking mind. She dissents like me because, I am sexy as hell, and she's just icky! She looks like she has a few black and grey pubes on her chin.

That's how it started with my pap: he would be talking and talking and the effects, of point A, switched with point B. and I would get confused. When my pap was still alive, we would visit him, and even though young, I

remember thinking: I hope I die young before I get old!

Officially you need a special pass signed by your parents and the administration to leave campus during the school day, so if we can fake it, we just raise hell in the halls, or say freak it, and leave anyway. For a long time, one of the perks of being a senior was getting to leave campus whenever you wanted. You don't give a crap when you're a senior like you do as a freshman.

Like, I said my school has got a reputation for one of the highest teen suicide rates in the country. The nickname for it other than Clit high is Suicide High. We had three girls hang by ropes, five-car crashes, ten OD's, and one used a gun, and that was just this year so far. Maddie almost died this year after she cut her wrists with a razor blade, but she's okay now. She got cute tattoos to cover the scars, one is a dragonfly and the other a topless mermaid! The teachers don't like that one, but girls do, so that's all that matters. It's not that big… they are

rather small. Sometimes she has to put a band-aid or makeup on the girl.

Oh, yeah and then one day a bunch of kids left campus and drove off that big yellow bridge. Anyway, after that, the school forbade anyone from leaving school during the day without special permission or singing out in the office. It’s kind of stupid if you think about it. That’s like finding out that kids are bringing vodka to school in water bottles and forbidding anyone to drink water. Like I know girls that soak their temps in alcohol, and use them

throughout the day to get a little buzz, there is always a way to do what we want!

Luckily, there’s another way to get off campus: you go through the bathroom window, and then there is a hole in the fence beyond the gym by the football field, which we call the Smoker's alley since that’s where all the smokers hang out, make out and even inject! No one’s around, though, when Jenny and I slip through the fence and get started across the grass.

In a little while, we'll come on to Route 279. Everything is still and frozen, leaves crack under our shoes, and our breath rises in solid silvery clouds.

…Clit is about three miles away from three rivers- or what you can call the point where all the waterway intersects. But only about a half-mile from a small strip of dingy stores we've named the Strip Row. It's the same comer where all the desperate old guys pick up young girls like us for a BJ!

Jenny has done it for $100. It’s a good way for her to get gas money. There’s a gas station, there are shops with top, and haircutters, a Chinese restaurant and family place, and some other gay places, that no one cares about. Chinese that once made Liv sick for three days.

(And again, she thought it was preggers.)

There is a random card gallery store where you can buy pink glitter ballet dancer figurines, teddy bears, and snow globes, and crap like that.

Too bad they don’t have a- ‘I’m sorry your friend just got an STD card.’

I know we must look like total freaks. Yeah, no teens stomping around in boots or highs along the road, in our tiny little skirts and are tops tied up, tank slightly showing in the front, our jackets flapping open to show off our sexy flat bullies, and dangly jewelry. We pass the

Gateway Clipper Fleet on our way to Primanti’s.

We Look over off the way hanging over the rail we spot Bridget

Semen and Alex Martello, look down the street, not too much time has passed, there's Jenny bent over a bench a boy is taking off her undies, I saw them being thrown down on the walkway, she just made some cash.

'Oh-o, scandal,' Jenny says groaning, raising her eyebrows, when she is about too… after getting beat from behind, and she stands up fully with his stuff all over the backside and skirt. Maddie snaps a pic and sends it to Shy-, and Shy- sends it off to everyone even Ray. Maddie's payback

for Liv being with a boy, I guess. Although it’s only half a scandal, he did worn-ed- her that he was going to pull his man gun out and shoot. Everyone knows that Jenny comes back to school, with a lot of cheating stuff on her every day.

Anna Doosan texts about it every day too, saying she is such a slut, you can see it in her outfit! Jenny doesn’t care; she's pleased to be the school’s slut, she wears- her stains with pride!

What do I think? I think it’s cheap and tacky!

But, she’s popular, so I just go with it. It’s not like it’s my ass getting a reaming. Sometimes I act like she’s not with me on the streets. She's that crazy. Me and Maddie and Liv, shop, and let her have her sexy time. But we know the kids in school think we do it because she does like it like that. That’s why all the boys want me, they think I am loose and easy. We girls joke saying that Jenny has nothing left… nothing but what looks like a hanging ham,

meat flaps, beef curtains, you get the idea! Jenny now has 50 for gas and 50 for beer pot and crap like that.

We are outside of Bridget’s family cafe. It's a tremendously-Catholic type of place. It’s next to the old stone church. The restaurant named after Bridget is age, she’s pretty and clean-looking, like every time you see her like in the girl’s room, she’s just scrubbed her face very hard. Bridget apparently, she’s saving herself for marriage, unlike us girls, which gave it all way around thirteen. I wish I would

have kept it, it’s cute and sweet to be that way on your wedding night.

That’s what she says, anyway, although Maddie and Liv both think Bridget might be a closet lesbo. So, she can get off without offending God. Because there is nothing in the Bible about masturbating with another girl being a sin. Yet Bridget is only a junior she may change her mind, and just take it in the ass like most girls as her type does. There is nothing in the Bible about that either. Just ask a priest or altar boy. But if the rumors are true,

she’s already had sex with at least five girls and a possible boy… hook up, like up the poop-shoot! Do I believe it?

Nah! She started the rumors herself, so everyone would stop picking on her about it.

She’s one of the few kids who does come from money. She doesn’t need to freak for a buck! Her mom’s a banker, and dad runs the restaurant. Jenny is not what you would call poor, she just a hussy! Bridget lives in one of the nice yet crafty condos next to here in strip row. She works as a waitress on

the weekends, we love to make fun of her, a little apron with her name on it twice, outside the window! I remember Jenny made a cardboard sign one time that said- 'Bridget shows- T*ts for Tips!' and pressed it against the window!

One old biddy lady dropped her fork and her mouth… as most did in the restaurant. It was a good show! You can see it on YouTube! 'Let's go in and say hi,' Jenny says, reaching for my hand interlacing my finger into hers, even though we were banned… I try to hang back. 'I'm going through

embarrassment and being pulled. My face has to be so red! I feel as hot as Mrs. Doubtfire when she set her ta-tas on fire!' Jenny- 'Come on Karly … what's up to your ass?' I said- 'A cotton string that I played $35 for!' He- he- he- Nice! Jenny said- as giggled.

#- Hashtag: (a PDA give away, shop until you drop, and hookie)

I let myself be dragged inside. She pulls a pack of small pills from the waistband of her skirt. 'Here. Take two of these pills, it will chill you out.' Jenny always carries something like that on

her, 24/7, like she's packing drugs like I pack candy. 'Just for a second we'll sit down, I promise.'

A bell jingles as we come through the door. A woman is flipping through Pitt-post newspaper behind the counter. She looks at us, then looks down again when she realizes we're not there to order. And that we are young. Jenny slides right up to me next to me in the booth, never keeping her hands to herself, you know where they were on me. I was leaning elbows on the

table, hoping no one could see where her hands were.

This was her plan to embarrass me, a good thing the drugs were kicking in. Because about that time I was about to scream. Then our friends Stacey and Becky. Strolled in through the door. (Ding-a-ling-a-ling!) The sled into our open both on the other side of the table.

Becky said- ‘Jenny what are you doing to her?’ Jenny- ‘Nothing!’ Me- ‘I have the look on my face is like I am trying to push a baby out!’ Stacey said

with confusion- ‘Okay then?’ Becky is kind of, sort of friends with a lot of people, like us, she bumps around, meanwhile, she deals pot and stuff like that out of a shoebox, and she keeps under her bed in his bedroom next to her girly things, that her mom and dad should never see her using. She is Jenny's link for her stash. Sometimes Jenny marks up the price and passes it around the school.

She and I have an- I know you- but I don’t know your friends, as that’s pretty much the maximum of our

dealings. Stacey, she's cool mellow, she's just your stranded emo chick. She's just there… for something to do, and maybe for a coffee. She's actually in English class with me, though she shows even less than I do. Our school is a flipping joke, learning is a joke, girls in the USA, are the butt of the joke. The baby-boomer doesn't want us to know anything.

So, they can have all the money and work. That's what I think, keep us dumb, and so when don't know what you're taking away. Like I would make

a better president, than the one we have now. Girls like us are never going to be anything more in this world than sluts… and that's a fact. Now and then she'll say something like, 'This 500-word writing assignment we have to do, huh?' but other than that we don't talk much.

'Hey, hey,' Jenny says. 'You going to Marcel's party tonight?' Becky's face lights up saying 'yes I am going with Zack Woods,' Jenny- 'Oh he's a cute boy.' Becky- 'So Karly who are you going with?' Jenny chips in

cutting me off at the pass. Saying- ‘I am going with Ray tonight someone has to make him a man! A baby girl doesn't seem to know how to squeeze it in.’ My face is red and splotchy, I was mad and sick all at the same time.

Plus, I remember what he said to me, I kissed him. I just said- ‘I hook up with someone when I get there.’ I did know what to say. Becky winked at me and said- ‘I got yah.’ Stacey got embarrassed like me too because she was caught in a lie, saying she was going with Sam… when Sam was going

with Lizzy or so Jenny said. Jenny would know…! Stacey is so blatant by saying… she was going with me, she knew what Jenny was doing, I think. I was seeing psychedelic colors. So, I was like- 'Yeah, sure whatever.' At this time, we all had our food, we decided to say and eat because we were chatting and taking up space, or so the woman said. Jenny could not believe she said that to me. Or maybe she was just reacting to the lousy food. I wouldn't be surprised if she said you can't do that. Jenny makes her voice extra perky.

‘Um… I don’t know if you can’t do that, or you would. Stacey- ‘Maybe. Gotta see…’ okay said Jenny along with ‘It’s going to be super fun.’ I said- ‘Are you going to bring Bridget? She’s such a sweetheart.’ Even though everyone I am friends with thinks Bridget is annoying- she’s always really cheerful and she wears T-shirts with lame slogans like: ‘I want you to talk nerdy to me.’

(No lie…)

But Jenny despises everything about her also. Becky went to like all

the bathrooms around the city, and school, and wrote all over the wall- If you like white trash, and want a sucking blow Job to call me Bridget at… And she had her cell number, with a drawing of a penis framing it. The situation is beyond awkward, so I blurt out, I point at the meat congealing in a grayish sauce in a bowl on the table, next to two cookies and a sad-looking orange slice. ‘Roast beef,’ Stacey says. She seems relieved that she has changed the topic. Jenny gives me a look, annoyed, but I keep rattling on

with her about food. ‘You should be careful about eating here.

The beef once poisoned Maddie. She threw up for, like, four days straight. She swears she found a hair in it. As soon as I say this Jenny picks up her frock and takes an enormous bite, looking up and smiling at me as she chews and it sticks out her tongue.

So, I can see the food in her mouth. I’m not sure whether she’s doing it deliberately to gross me out, but it seems like it. ‘That’s nasty,

Stevenson,’ Becky says, but she’s smiling at her. Jenny rolls her eyes, like you all a total waste of our time.

‘Come on, Kar.’ Let’s- ‘Dine and dash!’ She reads the bill, and I crack up and rankle up my nose when we all make a face of shock when seeing the $51.95 bill. One the food sucks and tasted like crap. Two none of us had that kind of money on us. Other than Jenny and she was not spending it on us and that meal.

Jenny balls up the little slip of paper and let it flutter to the ground. ‘Useless.’ I take a deep breath. ‘The doing this stuff always makes me sick, we run everything gray out and blurry, as we run knocking tables over in our way. ‘Oh, what a rush Jenny says, better than sex!’ ‘Tell me about it I say!’ Jenny puts a hand on her stomach. ‘You know what I need?’ I said- ‘No what?’

‘A jumbo cup of Sweet Frogs yogurt!’ I say, smiling. This another thing we can’t bring ourselves to

abbreviate. Knowing Jenny, she'll just put her mouth on the spout and gulp it down and run.

Me- I like to have a cone or something. 'A jumbo cup frozen yogurt,' Jenney booms in my eyes like a two-year-old I swear.

Even though we're both freezing, we order double- chocolate soft-serve with sprinkles and crushed peanut butter cups on top, whip cream, and cherry, which we eat on our way back to school, puffing on our fingers to keep them warm. We pass Liv and

Maddie at the smoker's alley. We have exactly seven minutes left until the bell for the eighth period, and Jenny pulls my head behind the fields, so she can have a cigarette without listening to Liv and Maddie chatting about how they want to be living alone for a while. That's what it looks like they're doing, anyway, trying to make out. Jenny can stop them all the time.

Jenny grabbed my one shoulder, whispering to me to stand there so I could put my underwear on. The cigarette in her hand is burned so

close to my hair I'm positive it's going to catch fire, and I picture what happened to Jull's, her whole head just going up like that, like a match.

Jenny finishes her cig and we drop our yogurt cups right there, on top of the frozen gloomy dying leaves and crushed cigarette boxes, used condoms, bloody pads, ripped out temps, plastic bags, and trash cans next to dumpsters half jam-packed with icy rainwater on top. I'm feeling apprehensive about tonight- half dismay and half exhilaration- like when you overhear

thunder and know that any second, you'll see lightning ripping across the sky, or like when your boy squeezes his through your teeth in your mouth. I shouldn't have skipped out on English today. It has given me too much time to think.

And intellectual thoughts never did anybody any good, no matter what your educators and close relatives and the book club and honorary society freaks tell you. Yet I don't think I am thinking rationally right now, because of the Skittles I popped, I am still

seeing the rainbow, yet not as bad as I was.

We skirt the perimeter of the fields, walkways, and steps, and go up along the senior wall. It's two concrete retaining walls that are long and high, they kind of make an outdoors make out the hallway. They have all the lettermen's graffiti on them with school crap stats and their names. Along with a makeshift memorial of all the kids that died this year in the end. Stacey and Becky are still standing half-

obscured behind the gym. Liv and Maddie are darting from tree to tree.

(Like a scene out of mission impossible. You know with the sexy trombone music in the background.)

Becky is on her second cigarette at least when she sees- Marcel flirting with some freshman I think her name is Sam. A tiff has a string about. You know how freshmen are and they'll hit anything for popularity. I feel a momentary rush of satisfaction: Ray and I hardly ever fight about that, at least not about anything

serious. That must mean something is working in our favor.

#- Hashtag: (freaky chick kicking the bucket, brain freeze, and food on the run)

I found out later that day that Jull's didn't make it. Her burns were just that bad, and she inhaled the flames and brunt out her lungs. I will never forget Jenny saying- 'Guys it's so true she is a flamer-r-tte. It's probably better that she did die, she wouldn't like… have much of a face left, and what she did wouldn't get her any guys.

I now know what to believe… like with heaven or hell or if we are just dead. Yet I think that at least she is in a better place and out of her misery.

(You don’t know until you go through it too.)

If she would have lived there wouldn’t be anyone that wanted to take care of her anyways, she was just a burden on everyone. No one cared or even shed a tear for her, there was no moment of silence, there were no memories of her at all because she was not popular. On the kids, that means

something here is immortalized. Her only memories within these walls will be: ‘The crazy b*tch that light herself on fire because she was caught fingering the retarded sped girl.’ I feel somewhat bad, but it’s not me so… life goes on. Like really why should I care?

She’s nothing to me or my friends. Yes, it’s cold and calculated, but sometimes pulling the plug is the only thing you can do just ask Jenny.

She has seen many perish in front of her eyes.

(And a lot of it was brought on because of her. If there is a hell that's where she is going to go, for all the blood on her hands.)

~*~

Anyways, looking at them fighting. 'Trouble in couple heaven,' I say. 'More like trouble in the low life square,' Jenny says. She said that because both of them live in low-income apartment buildings, which are run down, it's Pitt's form of trailer trash. One step lower is living in a cardboard box homeless like a bum.

‘Ha- they deserve one another,’ I think. We start cutting across the teachers’ lot when we see Ms. Handcock, the vice-principal, squeeze through amongst the cars, trying to sniff out the smokers, and looking in the car windows to see who’s cut classes to go a have sex in their cars. She is also looking for cars that are in the wrong spots. Looking for lazy kids that do what to walk down the lots.

She looks- for kids that hide out between the teachers’ cars too. Yet we are always one step ahead of her,

we're sneaky like that. Like the setting of Jenny's car alarm with the remote so she goes to her car thinking someone is messing around up there as we run. Ms. Handcock has some crazy campaigns against people who smoke. Along with drug programs. I heard that her mommy died of lung cancer, and her son passed in an OD five years ago. If you get caught smoking by Ms. Handcock you get four after-school detentions, no if’s and's or but’s. I have never gone to it; I always find a way out of it.

(As I said- If you're like me and my friends you can get away with anything.) Jenny hysterically rifles in her bag for her gum and pops two pieces in her mouth. To cover her bad breath.

'Piss'n crap,' she says. I asked Jenny why she puffs on the grass so much. 'A b*tch always smokes, and you know I am a badass b*tch,' says Jenny. 'You can't get busted just for smelling like smoke,' I say, even though Jenny knows this. She likes the drama, though. Amusing how you can know

your gal's well, but you still end up playing the similar games as they do next to them, I don’t puff or take hits anymore, but as of now, I am small as I do. I use the vapor e-cigs, now and then, just because it’s soothing.

She ignores me when I say you should use one of these… ‘How’s my breath?’ She breathes in my face with her mouth in my nose. I started thinking about Ray and my knees got weak, or maybe it was from Jenny’s rank breath… I don’t know either way. I am wondering what he was doing and

doing it with. I was thinking about tonight and what I was going to do. ‘It smells like you've been sucking on some bananas!’

Ms. Handcock hasn’t detected us yet, and that’s awesome. She’s making her way along the rows, occasionally stopped with her big fat wide ass up in the air. You could park a Cadillac on that ass! The same as that probably hasn’t been taped in years, that's why she’s so prickly to us hot girls. Bent over to peer underneath the cars looking for bags of nose candy and

junk in the wheel wells, and also to see if someone might be squashing underneath, trying to light up or make a deal go down, or waiting to go down on someone.

All she ever finds are used up a pair of girl's undies covered in boy's baby gravy, and her girly goo! She has a collation in her office… I swear, that why her office smells like sex and candy.

And other trash like that.

There's a reason why everyone calls her 'The Rock Cock,' The Rock for

the prison, and Cock for her last name and being a d*ick. This is behind her back. ‘Ha, it’s like we’re escaping from Alcatraz! And if she sees you, it’s like the running of the bulls… there a joke there, did you get it?’ I hesitate, looking back toward the fields and gym. I don’t particularly like what the other girls are doing now, but anyone who’s ever been through high school understands you have to stick together against parents, teachers, and cops. And as of now Becky and Stacey have their plan and we have ours.

Running form, the high up…

It’s one of those imperceptible blurred lines: us against them. You just know this, like you know where to sit in class and whom to talk to within the lunchroom, without even knowing how you know. Got it? They should be with us now if they're really in the group. Liv and Maddie are following our path back. ‘Should we go back and warn them?’ I ask Jenny, and she pushes me, and I lose balance on one foot as she is saying- nowhere good.’

‘Screw it,’ she finally says.’

‘They can take care of their big girls.’ ‘And I was thinking to myself, and I’m, not, right?’ As if to emphasize Jenney's pointed finger, the bell for the final period rings out and she gives me a shove. ‘Come on Karly.’ She’s right, as usual. After all, it’s not like they’ve ever done anything for me. So why should I save their ass if they get busted? They wouldn’t do it for me. It’s every girl for herself when you get busted. Becky and Stacy scram apart never a good thing. With the path they're going down one is going to end

up in her trap. My money is on Stacy for getting busted.

Chapter: 57

Olden times friendship

I think that Jenny and I started becoming friends in seventh grade. Jenny picked me out. I’m still not certain why she did. After years of trying, I had only just clawed my way up from the social bottom to the social middle, yet at least not I am a social butterfly and not a bug that needs a squashing. Jenney has seemed to be

popular since first grade when she moved here. In the class she was the leader that how it all starts; that was the year we did a play of ‘The Wizard of Oz,’ I was Dorothy and she was the ‘Wicked Witch of the West.’

(So- fitting to her personality he- he.)

And in sixth grade, when we all performed

Romeo and Juliet in English, I had to play

Romeo because boys weren't allowed to kiss girls yet, and Jenny was Juliet, a boy that was one awkward little girl kiss, yet after that, she seems to like me more or something.

(I was 'Kissed by Death' back then.) I think that pretty much gives you an idea.

She's the kind of person who makes you feel plastered and horny just by her being nearby like precipitously the world's boundaries are clouded and all of the colors are rustled together in a steak. I've never told her that. She'd

make fun of me for lazing out on her. (In a way it reminds me of the novel, Liv and the girls were reading about that girl Nevaeh.)

'A girlfriend is someone who knows all about you, yet still loves you anyway.' 'Truth is- everybody is going to hurt you. You just got to treasure the ones worth suffering for.' 'It's the friends you can text up at 3 a.m. that matter, like

Madilyn will always text back.'

Jenny only talks to boys at night or turns her phone off. Some

nights she'll hear me out on the phone, but not for me… only to get the scoop.

Anyway, in the summertime before seventh grade, a bunch of us were at the Riverview Swimming Pool kiddie party. This was the first real party I ever went to. Lizzy Lovestein was showing off by doing cannonballs and jack-knifes down on the deep end, but really, she was showing off the fact that between April and June she'd developed a pair of 36C cups boobs, the biggest of any girl there at the time. As she jiggled, I thought for sure she was

going to pop out of her top little girl top that was like five sizes too small.

I was so jealous I was barely out of the A size almost filling in a 28B! I remember this… all of a sudden Jenny came up to me, eyes shining. She'd never spoken to me before other than in school when she had to. 'You've had to come and see this,' she said, clutching my arm. Her breath smelled like a root beer float.

She pulled me into the locker room, where all the girls had piled their bags and their changes of clothes.

Lizzy’s bag was lavender and had her initials marked in white needlework on the sides. Jenny had gone through it, for the reason that she directly crouched down and reached for a clear zipper case, like the kind we all had to store pencils, highlighters, and erasers in when we were like first or second graders. ‘Look!’ She held it up, rattling it. Inside were three U tampons. ‘Me being me I asked why they are different colors?’

Jenny just giggles- ‘Saying they make them like that to look cuter.’ And

yes- we took them, so we would have one for the day our period would start! I snatched one and Jenny stashed one. I don’t remember how it started, but suddenly Jenny and I were running around the pool, checking girls are age and older bags gathering up all the tampons and pads moving fast so no one would see, doing this made me dizzy in a good way this is the first time I got that rush with Jenny.

Jenny and I were talking, and not just talking but laughing, and not just laughing but laughing so hard I

had to squeeze my legs together to keep from peeing out of my suit bottoms.

Then we ran up on the high dive and started throwing handful after handful of tampons down onto the pool party below. Jenny was shouted, ‘Lizzy just had her first period, and she has to plug her p*ssy up!’ We were throwing them down on her like confetti! Some of the tampons twirled down into the water, and all the guys looked mortified, yet some had thrown them on her, and she started to cry.

Quickly pushing and shoving to get out of the pool, was in a full-on panic. That is when Shy moved in for the kill- she was Jenny's best friend at the time. She grabbed Lizzy’s goodies, and bikini bottom and pulled the plug out by the sting, and the blood started to show in the water all pink.

Shy dunked her and swam away, that is when Lizzy swam over to the diving board ass showing to get out, she claimed out and ran the length of the Olympic sized pool dripping and shaking to get around everyone, while

the rest of us nearly died laughing at the sight of her new hair and a blood-covered vertical smile that was showing. That is how Shy became popular, she did Jenny's dirty work for her.

It reminded me of the time my parents took me to Kenny Wood when I was about in the fourth grade and made me get on one of the big coasters. My legs were not able to stop shaking and my feet got a tingling feeling on the bottom side of them like they were itching to get out of a pair of hot shoes:

I couldn’t stop thinking about how easy it would be to fall out, how high up we were.

After my mom got the picture, they took off on the ride, I started laughing and couldn’t stop at how scared yet thrilled I was. Standing on the high dive with Jenny got me exactly in the same way. It’s like I started craving more and more of that feeling too. It feels like that twenty-six seconds when you have a girly eruption and shaking because of it so good.

Successively, I did that… and Jenny I was besties. Liv came in not much before I did after she and Jenny were in girl scouts camp together in the summer before eighth grade. Like I said Maddie moved here around freshman year. Yet they rank higher up than me… I am still the baby of the group, even though I have been in it longer. At one of them in the beginning parties of the year, I saw Jenny hooking up for the first time with Alec Shane, whom Jenny had a prepubescent puppy love crush on for six months. I saw him taking her virginity, neither one of

them knew what they were doing. I remember Jenny saying ouch, and it was over in less than a minute.

(And by no means am I saying that underage sex is okay! Don’t do it! I ask this of you now, do this for me, save it for someone you love! Like just because I make bad choices doesn’t mean you should. Just because I was stupid like my friends doesn’t mean you should be too. I know I shouldn’t be looked up to. Hell, my little sis Kellie is becoming more like me every day.

‘Like how a small spark can rage into a frost fire, I never wanted to be so distinctive, slaying innocents with my ignorance.’ I know I am not a good role metal for anyone! Don’t look up to me, since I would be a fake idol, a fake hero...!

Ha- the gag that the gods portray on me... it's all right, I accepted the joke. I am a joke!)

I remember those days like every person believed Jenny would murder Liv.

(Funny they knew she would… nevertheless, they had their money on the wrong girl in the group.) But the next Monday at school Liv was at our lunch table, and she and Jenny were hunched over a plate of wavy fries, giggling and acting like they'd known each other forever. It's a love and hates thing…! Yet we all stay friends regardless, even though Liv can sometimes be trying, I think deep down she's the politest, gentlest of any of us. She is trying because she is so fragile, she gets hurt effortlessly. She seems to attract that too.

Even though they don’t always try to, they hurt her deeply. Maddie is not always good for her either, she speaks without thinking. Maddie and Liv like suck off each other for good or bad, like they can move without each other even if what they are saying and doing is cruel. Sometimes it gets physical, right down to hair pulling and catfighting. Like when Maddie’s pissed, she can claw you! Liv she just goes sight for the hair.

‘When I first started Junior high school, I was just like Lizzy, I used

to go home and cry, at night. But after about two months of being terrified and miserable, I found out that if you keep away from everyone, they keep away from you. Maybe that's why Jenny started liking me?

Even though I was kicked down, I keep asking for more. The only reason I never tried to transfer is that when my mother works late, I go home and babysit my sis. It would never have worked out; I could've done that if I went to an online school. Either way, it was difficult to back then.'

(I’ll never forgive myself for what I did to all these innocent girls, and yes even the stupid boys too. I have to live with that over and over. Killing other’s emotions Madilyn, so I could live thrillingly in their popularity. It either destroys them, or they will destroy you. If you get them to look bad you look good. I have to relive that, and I am betting I have to answer to someone for it. The question is who?)

#- Hashtag: (wannabe, unfollow me, and pool party plug up)